

THE ATHENÆUM.

NOVEMBER 15, 1832.

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. XVI.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(With an engraved Portrait.)

AMONG the frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in literary coteries of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated 'the great American Novelist.' When the name of a writer becomes in this manner identified with that of his country, he may feel sufficiently assured of the permanency of his reputation. He may, with perfect safety, leave his fame to take care of itself. His is no fleeting or narrow renown; it is associated with his 'land's language.'

We are not hazarding much in saying, that no writer ever possessed the advantages enjoyed by the author of 'The Spy,' on his first outset in literary life. The very peculiarity of his situation rendered it next to impossible for him to fail in charming that large portion of the English people denominated the novel-readers. We were, indeed, at that time, as we have continued ever since, a nation of novel-readers. Scott had set his seal upon us. The author of 'Waverly,'—the great Napoleon of novelists,—had conquered the country, from one end of it to the other. Nothing, then, could be more fortunate as regards time; and as to place, what region could be so pregnant with interest, or what subject so calculated to gratify the cravings of an excited curiosity as America?—a country which had hitherto been considered alike destitute of writers and readers,—whose soil had been pronounced, by the learned in these matters, to be essentially unfavorable to the growth of genius,—and in which one would no more think of looking for the golden graces of literature, than for dancers among the Dutch. An Esquimaux poet, brought over by Captain Parry, could hardly have excited more wonder than the 'great American Novelist,' when he made his first appearance in Europe. The world fell into a fit of admiration at the first sign of a genius on the barren waste of America, and stared at it, as the bewildered Crusoe did at Friday's footmark on the sand.

But in addition to these lesser advantages, the Novelist enjoyed the grand and all-sufficing one that arises from an entire originality of subject. The field that lay open before him was not merely of immeasurable extent, but he had the felicity of having it all to himself. Like the ancient Mariner,

‘He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.’

He suddenly found himself recognised as the Sir Walter* of the New World,—one who was to do for his country what Scott had done for his ; to delineate the character of its people, to describe its customs, and celebrate its achievements ; to show what art had already done for it, and how Nature had clothed it with beauty and sublimity ; to paint its scenery ; to exult in its acquirements and prospects ; but, above all, to assert its glory and independence. He thus stood, like another Columbus, on the ground he had discovered, and perceived that it was untrodden. He saw, also, the fertility of the paths upon which he entered, the inexhaustible variety of the materials that presented themselves to him upon every side. Everything was novel and picturesque. What other histories enjoyed in antiquity, that of America had in modern interest. If the register of its triumphs was but of recent date, it was prolific in adventures. Every page of the volume was full of matter, and all that was required was to select with taste and discrimination.

With the freshness of character which thus appertained to his subjects generally, and with powers of mind that would have given interest to subjects of a far less original description, it was almost a matter of course that Mr. Cooper should have succeeded in at once rising into estimation among his own countrymen, and scarcely more surprising that his first works should have been received and read in England as the productions of a man of very remarkable genius. There are some points of fiction that the most prejudiced eyes cannot resist, however they may persevere in keeping themselves closed to the truth ; and though the aristocratic might not relish the scene the better for being laid within the territory of the United States, or lament with any immoderate degree of emphasis over sorrows that had been suffered on the other side of the Atlantic ; yet few found it politic to deny, what was indeed palpable to all, that Mr. Cooper was gifted with talents that would contribute to strengthen and extend the independence of his country ; to give it what it required, a literary independence, and add intellectual freedom to the religious and political liberty which it enjoyed. Few could command the tide of sympathy to roll back and retire, or check the course of emotions that a delineation of Nature had inspired ; and it was, therefore, not thought advisable, even among those who looked lamentingly upon the cessation of hostilities, and the growing good un-

*An example of Mr. Cooper's appreciation of his illustrious rival occurred while he was sitting for the portrait that accompanies our sketch. The artist, Madame Mirbel, requested him, as is usual in such cases, to fix his eye upon a particular point. ‘Look at that picture,’ said she, pointing to one of a distinguished statesman. ‘No,’ said Cooper, ‘if I must look at any, it shall be at my master,’ directing his glance a little higher, to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

derstanding between the two countries, to extend the ridicule with which the laws and institutions of America had been frequently visited, to these specimens of her literary advancement, or to dispute her claim to the possession of Goldsmiths and Fieldings of her own.

If some portion of the success of our trans-atlantic Novelist was referable to circumstances, and to the peculiar attractiveness of his subjects, a still greater portion was attributable to himself, and to the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to his labors. No writer of the times has taken a wider range in his view of human nature, or looked more deeply into the heart. Few know better how to seize the strongest point of interest, and no one can work it out more judiciously. If his plots fail in carrying you irresistibly along 'on the wings of the wind,' his skill in the delineation of character is sure to work its charm and fascination about you; or, if even that should fail, the mere description of some unromantic settlement in the woods, a desert solitude, or the hull of a vessel floating

'Far out amid the melancholy main.'

may, of things less picturesque than these, would prevent you from closing the book until you had read to the last line of the last page. We never met with novels—(and we have read all that were ever written since the creation of the world,)—of a more absorbing character, or more fatal to the female propensity of skipping the digressive portions. Every word of Mr. Cooper's narratives is effective, or appears so while you read: and yet he does not scruple to describe an object, in the most elaborate and uncompromising terms, three or four times over in the same work, if it be necessary that the reader should have an accurate outline of it before his eyes. There is a profusion, but no waste of words, in his style, which is, 'without o'erflowing, full.' It is clear, varied, and distinct. He paints the wild waste, 'the sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,' the verdureless prairie, and the mighty shadows of the forest, with a power that increases in fervor and swells into enthusiasm when he launches upon the element of which he has given such fearful yet such faithful pictures. His sea-scenes are unique. He does not give you 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' All is action, character, and poetry. You see, in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, however insignificant: you hear, in the terms in which he describes them, the roaring of the surge, the voices of the seamen, and the flapping of the sails. Amidst such scenes as these, where

'His march is o'er the mountain-waves,
His home is on the deep,'

we lose sight of land altogether; and are startled, a few chapters farther on, at finding ourselves in a wild, barren, wintry region, the antipodes of that we had left.

His characters are of all classes, and, if not equally well drawn, impress us, at the first glance, with a conviction that they are drawn by an acute observer of life, and a lover of the kindlier sympathies that adorn and ennoble it. There are many touches, in Mr. Cooper's books

that have been put in with a liberal hand, denoting a warmth and generosity of spirit towards his species, a desire to encourage, and not to depress human nature, to exhibit, but not to exult in its vices, and to inculcate a better and brighter philosophy than that which never looks for light out of its own circle, and keeps its charity perpetually at home. These indications of good feeling, wherever we meet them, besides making the portrait more perfect, make us love and remember it forever. His characters, whether modern or old-fashioned, savage or civilised, moving on the quarter-deck or the wilderness, are all picturesque persons, that have some mark and likelihood about them. There is a mixture of the poetic and the plausible in them, that renders it difficult to determine whether they are to be taken as inventions or realities, or compounds, as most of them are of both. This may be said of them in general, that if they are sometimes grotesque when they ought to be graceful, and extravagant where simplicity was most needed, they are seldom or never insipid. They preserve their glow and bloom to the last; and when they seem to be wandering farthest from the point of Nature, to which we would bind them, come back to us with one of those touches that 'makes the whole world kin,' and reveal to us the truth and beauty which had been previously hidden by the very excess of our sympathy. There is scarcely one character of any rank or importance that does not present some indication of this deep knowledge of our nature, in the finest of its forms; and there are many, in the range of his productions, that are conceived in the very spirit of that knowledge. And as it is difficult to select instances from the cloud of creatures,—composed alike of the high and the humble, the stern-featured and the humorous,—that comes floating upon our recollection, we would instance a whole class, and refer to the refined power and delicacy which he has displayed in his delineation of the female character. There is at times (let it be said with reverence) an almost Shaksperian subtlety of perception in his female pictures—a majesty, and yet a gentleness, not unworthy of the highest mind, while contemplating the holiest objects that Nature has fashioned. They are not beings of the imagination, but children of Nature—not creatures 'playing i' the plighted clouds,' but scattering light and comfort upon the earth to the uttermost ends of it, and showing that there is no situation of life into which beauty and gladness will not penetrate at last. All Mr. Cooper's feminine creations may not have been to Court; but they have not the less lustre and dignity on that account; nor does he agree with Touchstone, that they will be condemned for the omission. They are enveloped in graces that are seldom dreamed of in drawing-rooms. We could count up a dozen of these spiritualities at least. Content Heathcote's wife—we forget the name—in 'the Borderers,' though with little outward brilliancy or gaudiness of coloring, is a fine conception wonderfully wrought out. It brings to mind—and this is the highest eulogy we can pass upon it—that 'phantom of delight' of Wordsworth—a being that, however beautiful, is

———'Not too good
For human nature's daily food;—'

Or to complete the comparison, and to give our meaning its proper music,

‘A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still—and bright
With something of an angel light.’

We had just finished our quotation, when a friend entered, whose opinions are worth seeking, and to whom we occasionally refer. We told him our views upon the subject—and asked him his opinion of our novelist. ‘I will tell you,’ he said ‘if you will be bold enough to write what I say.’ Here are his words, at variance, in places, with what we had previously written, but given without change.

‘Of all the novels of Cooper, that which pleases me most is ‘The Last of the Mohicans.’ In his other works there are many fine passages, and, indeed, whole chapters full of beauty and character, and life. But then these seem off-sets from the great British family—the stamp of an original spirit is not upon them, and we compare them with Smollet, and Fielding, and Scott, and lean to the authors of Old England. In ‘The Last of the Mohicans’ the original spirit of the man shines out—the march of the great American wilderness is upon it—the full and distinct image of the desert-born is there, and we confess at once the presence of something which stands aloof and alone—and resembles nothing which any other genius has done. I say not this for the purpose of depreciating the other works of the author, which I have read, and read with attention, but because there was a spell upon me during the perusal of that romantic legend of the wilderness, which I was not under in reading any of his other books—and this arose entirely from the freshness of character diffused over the whole narrative. If you ask me what I chiefly dislike in these, his other productions, my answer is, he is much too minute in his details, and is never content unless he accounts for everything. If a man pulls a rope, he tells you first how it was manufactured; if another heaves the lead, he reads you a treatise on navigation. He has yet another fault; he shuts his eyes on the virtues of other nations, and thinks that whatever on earth is excellent is found exclusively in his native land. Now I love him for loving his native land; but when he tells me that Waterloo was but a cock-fight compared to Bunker’s Hill, I pity the man who fails to see that the genius which plans and combines the movements of an hundred thousand men, has necessarily a far grander task than he who rules the advance and attack of a few thousand. I have done with my censure, but not with my praise.

‘The story of ‘The Last of the Mohicans,’ moving as it is, is still less interesting than the characters of this fine drama of the desert. The old Indian chief and his son, with their half Indian and half European friend, Le Longue Carabine, are drawn to the life. Yet, all is touched with a delicate and discriminating hand—the grossness of the savage is only indicated—his heroism is brought out in a full and natural light. All who admire perfect originality of character, united at the same time to

bravery and honor, will confess their favorite to be *Le Longue Carabine*. He is the best fellow in the whole race of originals from Smollet to Cooper. But I have no time to tell you all I have to say concerning him; nor to point out the almost innumerable passages in this splendid work, where the hand of a master is impressed.'

A large proportion of the critics have decided in favor of '*The Prairie*,' as the finest of all the American novels. It is a point which we cannot determine, for we have many favorites. Early associations lead us to estimate '*The Spy*' very highly, and incline us to cherish the remembrance of Harvey Birch with feelings as profound as any that have been excited by more recent adventures. Washington also is a richly-colored portrait, touched with the hand of an enthusiast. But '*The Prairie*' is certainly, in some of its scenes, unsurpassed, in a particular kind of power, by anything we ever read, whether in prose or poetry. In point of character, it ranks with the most striking and original of the author's works; and contains one or two persons whose impressions are so vividly stamped upon the imagination, that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have not met them under some extraordinary but forgotten circumstances—that we have not wandered over that prairie, and communed with the very spirit of the scene. In '*The Borderers*,' which we have already referred to—the interest is skilfully sustained, though the details are a little tedious now and then. '*The Red Rover*' and '*The Pilot*' have become, perhaps, still more popular, and are, unquestionably, not less peculiar in character, than some of those we have named. As *Ocean-tales*, they are full of startling effects and strange surprises; and they are scarcely less valuable, we think, as pictures of life and manners. Long Tom Coffin can hardly be an invention—a seaman of the mind—an imaginary mariner. No, he is a thorough-bred sea-king, preferring the other side of the Atlantic to this, and the ocean to either; he is the noblest of nauticals—an American Admiral of low degree. '*The Water Witch*,' which has recently been added to these series, has several sea-scenes, not inferior to any that preceded them. It is more wild and experimental in parts, but it lacks nothing in point of freshness and energy; and its marvellous incidents find a becomingly picturesque termination, as the Mariner of the Indian Shawl bears off the lady that loved him, and is never heard of afterwards.

From all that we can learn of this gifted American, from those who have had the best and most recent opportunities of personal observation, we should judge that his general bearing indicates a man of strong natural powers, great decision of character, and observant habits—more, perhaps, of things than men. He is rather above than under the middle height, his figure well and firmly set, and his movements rather rapid than graceful. All his gestures are those of promptness and energy. His high expansive forehead is a phrenological curiosity; a deep indentation across its open surface, throws the lower organs of eventuality, locality, and individuality, into fine effect; while those immediately

above—comparison, causality, and gaiety—are equally remarkable. His eyes, which are deeply set, have a wild, stormy, and restless expression, as if they scorned sleep, and were perpetually in search of something. A female friend describes them as the most *vigilant* eyes ever encountered—yet their flashing is not continual, but softens, at times, into milder and gentler feeling. But it is his mouth that has the strongest pretensions to singularity of character. An inflexible firmness forms its expression when silent, but when he speaks, it seems as though he held all the passions and feelings of the heart under his command, and could summon them to his lip at pleasure. It is then that he rivets the attention more than any living writer—not excepting Wordsworth. David, the French sculptor, in his fine bust of the novelist, has given this character admirably. His head altogether is strikingly intellectual; its severity is relieved by simplicity. Nature moulded it in majesty, yet denied it not the gentler graces that should ever adorn greatness.

His manners are a pleasant mixture of the mariner and the gentleman. The austerity, observable in them at first, wears off after a few minutes, and you feel that you are conversing with a man who has seen and understands the world, and who listens with calmness, almost with indifference, to its good and evil report. Years have brought to him 'the philosophic mind.' He is an *American*, even in our English sense of the term; the *amor patriæ* is in him a passion that never subsides; he is devotedly attached to his country, to its institutions, and (as is apparent from his works) to its rugged but magnificent scenery. His republicanism he does not attempt to conceal; he conceives that Kings are very expensive superfluities, and that a lord is a luxury which no sensible government ought to sanction. However repugnant these views may be to us, we must at least allow him to be a candid and unselfish reasoner. He has preferred the loss of popularity in certain circles of English society to disguising his principles, and his indifference to men's opinions has added to the sacrifice. It is not very easy to say whether this indifference arises from a consciousness of his own value, or a rational notion of equality—but it may at least be regarded as sincere. Of some of his reviewers, as we gather from one or two of his prefaces, he holds no very elevated opinion; though in a recent conversation, he professed himself entirely ignorant of what the English critics had said of his works—delicately accounting for it, by intimating, that his wandering life had afforded him but few opportunities of ascertaining their opinions. If he is neglectful, however, of these criticisms, he is, also, neglectful of the subjects of them; for he declares, that he never once looked into any of his works after they had been printed. He casts them upon the world, and from that moment they are sealed books to him.

The family of Mr. Cooper was originally from Buckingham in England, settled in America in 1679, and about a century afterwards became established in the State of New York. He was born at Burlington, on the Delaware, in 1789, and was removed at an early age to Cooper's Town—a place, of which he has given an interesting account

in 'The Pioneers.' At thirteen, he was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, and three years afterwards went to sea—an event that gave a character and a color to his after-life, and produced impressions, of which the world has already reaped the rich result. On his marriage with a daughter of John Peter De Lancey, of West Chester County, New York, he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to composition. Mr. Cooper's first work was published in 1821, and every year since that period has brought its new novel. He has already printed and become popular in many cities—in London, Paris, Florence, and Dresden. In 1826, his health having suffered considerably from a fever that attacked him two years before, he was induced to visit Europe; this has restored him, and he now thinks of returning to a home which his heart has never abandoned. We had omitted to mention, that Mr. Cooper was appointed, chiefly to protect his papers, to the Consulship at Lyons—a nominal post, which he resigned about three years ago.

In Paris, where Mr. Cooper at present resides, no man is more sought after, and few so much respected. Under the *old regime* it might have been different. The whisperings of prejudice, jealousy, and national dislike that were occasionally audible here, do not reach him there. He appears to be perfectly at his ease—sensible of the estimation, but not over-estimation, in which he is held by all sects and parties. Yet, he seems to claim little consideration on the score of intellectual greatness: he is evidently prouder of his birth than of his genius; and looks, speaks, and walks, as if he exulted more in being recognised as an American citizen, than as the author of 'The Pilot' and the 'Prairie.'

SUMMER'S GONE!

BY MRS. NORTON.

Hark! thro' the dim wood dying,
 With a moan,
 Faintly the winds are sighing—
 Summer's gone!
 There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
 And the pale moon her face revealeth,
 Darkly my footstep stealeth,
 To weep alone.
 Hour after hour I wander,
 By men unseen—

* We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to state, that Coopers novels will become known in England even more extensively than they have been. They are now publishing by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley—each work in one small and cheap, but clear and beautiful printed volume—and form parts of a series of 'Standard Novels,' that will, in time, contain all the best productions from those of Smollet and Fielding, to those of our own day—the most valuable of which it is intended to include.

And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder,
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone !

There, in our own green bowers
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Threading slow ;
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We've watched in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone.—
Summer's gone !

Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze ;
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease :—
But *who* shall bring our meetings
Back again ?
What shall recall *thy* greetings—
Loved in vain !
Summer's gone !

MY APPRENTICESHIP.

My father was what is called an eminent attorney ; for I believe that is the highest title to which the gentlemen who practise this branch of jurisprudence can arrive, since we never hear of an illustrious or a distinguished attorney. However, if not distinguished in one way, my father was so in another ; for he had seven daughters, and I was the eighth son, or fifteenth child. When I was about sixteen years of age, and half educated, with little Latin and less Greek, my father said it was high time that I should do something to obtain a living ; and accordingly he prevailed on his friend Mr. Grubbins, a medical practitioner, likewise eminent, in a neighboring village on the banks of the Severn, to take me as his lawful and dutiful apprentice, to learn the art and craft of an apothecary, for the term of seven long years. I ought rather to say, the art ; for the craft could hardly be acquired in a life-time. I need not relate the extent of my suffering during this period ; for the fee my father paid being less than that generally given, I had to pay in

person, and to perform pretty nearly the work of two apprentices. I will not tell the number of paupers I poisoned, before I learnt the art of compounding medicine. I will not say a word of mangling arms before I acquired the art of phlebotomy; neither will I confess to the number of teeth I drew by mistake, before an extensive practice taught me the art of fixing the instrument. These all belong to the secret of my profession, and must on no account be divulged. How I made love to my master's niece, when on a visit, and nearly got kicked out of the house, is not so much of a mystery; but how I repaid the relation would tire my friends; therefore I shall pass on to the grand feature of that perilous servitude—my apprenticeship.

There are few apothecaries' apprentices, I believe, who do not think more of the art of making love, than that of making physic. I recollect the name of one of my fair enchanters, which I had for some time vainly endeavored to twist into a sonnet, so haunted me, that I wrote it by mistake on some half dozen packets of draughts, embrocations, and pills, which the boy of course conveyed to the house, and the poor girl narrowly escaped with her life. Love was the regular business of my life—not a pretty pair of eyes for miles round, that I had not eulogised in verse; and rosy cheeks, and flowing tresses, were endless subjects for my muse: but a climax was about to arrive to my tender aspirations, as well as to the term of my apprenticeship, which, as forming the principal event in this epoch of my existence, I cannot do better than recount.

There came to reside, close to our village, a German gentleman of large fortune, with an only daughter, who appeared to be a very amiable girl. She was very pretty; therefore it is needless to say that she became the object of my warmest adoration. My master, Mr. Grubbins, was the ordinary medical attendant in the family; and when he was not in the way, I occasionally visited in his place. We received one day an urgent message, to go instantly to Mr. Von Tromp's as Miss Von Tromp had fallen from her horse. Mr. G. was, luckily for me, tied by the leg with another case. Away I started, pleased with having an opportunity of coming into more immediate intercourse with the family. The first person I met was Mr. Von Tromp himself, in his morning-gown, smoking his pipe. He addressed me in his usual dry manner. 'Vel, sar, you make speed for to take de bloode from my daughter.' I found the young lady a good deal alarmed, and suffering also from a severe sprain of the ankle. I saw that there was no necessity for bleeding, but advised leeches to the sprained joint. Mr. Von Tromp flew into a German passion; swore I was not well acquainted with my profession; and that any man who knew anything of his profession, always took blood. He then left the room, but soon returned with an instrument that is used in Germany for bleeding, which acts by means of a spring; an instrument now only used among farriers. I could not keep my countenance when he handed to me this barbarous implement, in order to procure blood from the delicate arm of a female. 'Vat you laugh for?' he exclaimed, and looked very angry. During the absence

of Mr. Von Tromp, I had explained to the young lady, that it was quite unnecessary to bleed her; and by a little patience, we gained the victory. After remaining an hour or two, to see the effect of the leeches, I returned home, not a little pleased at the opportunity I had enjoyed, of seeing so much of the young lady; and in the evening I visited her again, to see what effect a cold lotion had produced. Mr. Von Tromp was in a better humor, and I made myself as agreeable as I could—paying particular attention to my patient. I made the most I could of the sprained ankle, and called upon my patient quite as often as was necessary, to see how she went on. She appeared pleased by my great attention to the case; and even old Von Tromp himself said I had, after all, done very well; and as a proof of his sincerity in this opinion, he presented me with an old German tobacco pipe, which I received with apparent gratitude.

All the world knows that ladies have a quick eye in detecting any partiality towards themselves; and I soon perceived that I had made an impression in the proper quarter. But I was most anxious that others should not see it; and was therefore obliged to be most circumspect; for old Von Tromp was quite a devil when he became passionate, and on several occasions he had some kind of fits after these violent passions. He used to become rigid and blue in the face; and then an old German butler, who had lived with him for years, was accustomed to rub him with brandy, and put salt into his mouth; and I believe he used to swear at him in German. I was sadly afraid that my attachment to Miss Von Tromp might be betrayed; and I well knew that there would then soon be an end to the affair. My hopes would assuredly be crushed, if the fact should ever reach the ears of the old German.

I had the pleasure of overtaking Miss Von Tromp one day, riding out on her little poney, when, to my infinite delight, I discovered that I was right in my conjectures with regard to my predilection. After much interesting conversation, it was agreed that Miss Von Tromp should visit and relieve the poor of the village, among whom my business principally lay. I was to send her a list of those poor persons who were ill and in distress, and I advised her to visit them after breakfast.

There was one thing I never liked during my apprenticeship. As soon as I was about eighteen years of age, my master always appointed me his deputy at funerals; and in the country it is the custom to make the medical man head the procession. Often and often have I, to my great annoyance, had to walk with solemn step, and rueful face, before the melancholy pageant, and to brave the sarcastic remarks of the village wags. Sometimes a most expressive look from some friend, and a whisper loud enough to be heard, 'Aye, aye, you are taking home your work,' would be darted at me from some corner. Besides, on these occasions, I used occasionally to meet Miss Von Tromp; and the situation by no means told to my advantage.

My attention to this young lady now began to be observed by several persons in the village, and, indeed, her partiality to me had not escaped observation, insomuch that I was now and then joked on the subject.

At length I began to think that it was high time for me to act, for if once the affair reached the ears of the old gentleman, there would then be little chance of my being able to carry my plans into execution. Under this impression I had determined upon the very first occasion, to propose a trip to Gretna Green. I took every opportunity of seeking a personal meeting with her, but by some unlucky accident, always in vain; I, therefore, determined to write to her, and fix the manner of our departure. I found that in order that we might meet, she fancied, or, had not I better say she feigned, that she was not quite well; and Mr. Grubbins, who was at home when the message arrived, as ill-luck would have it, said he would attend himself upon the young lady. I felt assured, from several circumstances, that our attachment had become known at head-quarters, at least that there was a suspicion of such a thing, for I had noticed that the last Sunday at church, as we passed through the church-yard, the old German looked at me as black as thunder. I thought, at the very time, that the great blow must be struck, before another week had passed over our heads. I, without delay, consulted with a friend of mine, and he kindly lent me that, which gives wings to love and sinews to war, so that one great end was provided for. But how was I to inform the young lady of my plans?

Miss Von Tromp, a little while before this period, had again sprained her ankle, but, most unfortunately at this time, there was an old aunt of her mamma's, on a visit with them, who was so kind that she would assist her dear niece and the doctor, as she called me, to examine the foot; I sent the servant girl down stairs to boil some vinegar with some snow water, 'and be sure and stir it all the while till it boils.' There, thought I, we have got rid of you for five minutes; but there was the good aunt; oh, these good aunts! I said, 'Now, Ma'am, I must trouble you to provide as soon as possible a flannel bandage; might I take the liberty of requesting it as soon as possible?' I felt not a little agitated to get rid of the old lady, that I might converse with my little friend. 'Oh,' said Miss Von T., 'do, dear aunt, get it as soon as possible.'—'My dear,' replied she, 'do you think I did not know that such a thing would be required? and here it is,' said she, putting her hand into her work-bag. Alas! thought I, you will never be my 'dear aunt.' I now revolved in my mind what I could next want that she in her kindness had not provided. I said, 'Have you any other remedies with you, Madam?'—'No, Sir, no more.' 'Then, Ma'am, would you have the goodness to provide us with a little old linen to put over the ankle, for I perceive this bandage is calico, and you know calico is said to irritate the skin. The old lady set off for the linen, and, to my infinite chagrin, met the maid not two yards from the door, returning with the hot vinegar. I said, 'Mary you have soon boiled the vinegar.'—'Yes, Sir,' said she, with a significant nod of the head which I understood, 'I soon made it boil.' I had not had a moment to fix any plan with Miss Von T., and before I could devise any scheme to get rid of the maid, I heard the old lady returning.

I cannot express the feelings that agitated me at this moment, and those alone who have been in similar circumstances, can have any conception of them. It was plain that this day I was not likely to have any opportunity of communicating with the young lady. After waiting as long as I well could, to take advantage of any occasion that might present itself, I was compelled at last to take my leave.

After such repeated disappointments, I plainly saw that there was no chance for me but that of sending Miss Von T. a letter, to fix the time and mode of our departure for Gretna; for Mr. Grubbins told me that the old German had requested him to attend himself in future upon Miss Von 'Tromp. 'Now, or never,' was the word, the thing must be done immediately; and down I sat and penned a letter to my fair one, informing her of the plan I had devised. Two days after this time there was going to be a large party at the old German's, and I thought this would be a favorable opportunity for the expedition. We were sending medicine almost daily to the house, both to the old gentleman and his daughter; I folded my letter and put it under the paper that covered the bottle, nicely sealed, as was our custom. I informed her in this letter, that on the night in question, a carriage that I had engaged would be at the end of the garden, that its remaining there a few minutes would not excite any suspicion, on account of the party, and that if I did not receive any answer, I should have every thing ready. I provided every thing necessary for the flight, packed up some of my clothes in a small portmanteau, and engaged a chaise. For this purpose I went to one of the inns to look after a proper post-boy, one upon whom I could depend. In these affairs everything depends upon presence of mind and promptitude. I saw a post-boy standing at the gate, a lad whose bruises and wounds I had often dressed after many a pugilistic contest in which he had been engaged. He was a thin, pale looking fellow, of a most determined aspect, marked by the small-pox, with a deep sunk eye in his head, and a very peculiar squint; one of those fellows upon whose foreheads rogue is written, in very legible characters; from his inveterate obstinacy in fighting, he always went by the name of 'cutting Tom.' I said, 'Well, Tom, have you had any Gretna jobs lately?'—'No, not this long time, Sir; folks has no spirits for this here kind of jobs now a days. I wishes we had a job of that here kind. I've got a pair of rare horses now, such spankers, my eyes, give me five minutes law, and catch me if they can.' It made my heart leap with joy to hear this. I felt myself bounding away at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Assuming a very serious look, I said, 'Tom, can I trust you?'—'To be sure you may. Trust me? I never splits on nobody.' I now told Tom to have his horses ready at ten o'clock at the appointed spot, that I would get into the chaise about fifty yards before the spot fixed on, to take up the lady. Tom's wicked eyes sparkled with joy. As a great deal depended upon Tom's address, I agreed to give him three guineas for the first stage, for he said he should go like lightning over the road; nay, he even undertook to have another chaise ready at the next stage, and

for this purpose he should send a most trusty old friend, a kind of half-idiot, a man who was never known either to forget or neglect any message he was sent upon—only tell him what to do, and that Silly Billy, as he was called, would do. He was a kind of automaton, into which you infused your will, and nothing could turn him from what he had undertaken. Well, Billy took the note to our fellow-laborer, another worthy, a friend of Tom's, who was ordered to have a chaise ready to convey us on to the next stage. Everything appeared favorable to my views. I had heard nothing from the young lady, and therefore all was right, I thought, in that quarter. As soon as evening came, I gave Tom my portmanteau. I counted my guineas, and I counted the minutes too, from the hour that was to emancipate me from the pestle and mortar. My heart beat with anxiety and joy, as I anticipated the hour that was to give me possession of so fine a girl, and so great a fortune. Oh, what an evening! In that evening, in the brief space of a few short hours I seemed to live years; time appeared to stand still; hundreds of ideas rushed through my mind; I looked at my watch, and when I looked again, and thought the greater part of an hour was gone, I found that but a few minutes had elapsed. Those who have been engaged in similar affairs well know the truth of this. However, the hour approached, and about ten minutes before the time I walked into the old surgery to have a last look at my house of bondage—to bid a long and last farewell to pots and gallipots, to pills and potions. I slipped quietly out of the house, unobserved, hurried down the lane that led to Mrs. Von Tromp's, and, after waiting a few minutes, heard a chaise driving gently down the lane. It was cutting Tom: he stopped to let me into the chaise at the appointed place, and all I could say was 'Well done, Tom.' We drove gently to the spot where we were to take up the young lady. I must confess that at this moment I became very much agitated; my heart beat most violently; my breathing became quick, and my hands trembled. We had not stopped half a minute when I saw the young lady gliding along the walk that led to the carriage. I could just discern her, though the evening was rather dark. The carriage door was open, and in a moment she was seated by my side in silence. My heart was too full, and my tongue refused to give utterance to a single word. Tom was on his horses in an instant, and we darted off more like an arrow shot from a bow than anything else. In a few minutes I became more tranquil, and felt a greater degree of confidence.

My fair one seemed absorbed in the great step she was taking, and I from delicacy forbore to rally her. However, as she continued silent, I said, 'Never mind your father; these Germans never feel deeply.' Upon which, to my utmost astonishment, an astonishment that stopped the very circulation of my blood, I heard these words addressed to me—'Oh, you infernal very young scoundrel! You rob me of my dear girl, do you? No, you do not. I catch you, and take you to de prison; and then,' added he, 'I will take your blode, as you English say.' Upon which he began to pommel me with all the ferocity of a German skipper.

'Oh, sir, for God's sake,' I exclaimed, 'do hear reason, sir!' and then thrusting my head out of the window, I called out in the most energetic tone to Tom to stop. The moment Tom heard my voice he drove harder than ever. The old gentleman now put his head out at the other side of the carriage, and spoke to some one behind, crying, 'Get down, and stop *de postillion*.' 'It is quite impossible; we are going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, sir; we dare not get down.' Tom drove like lightning; there was no stopping him, nor explaining to him what had taken place. The old gentleman put his head out again, and cried out, 'Stop him at *de turnpike*;' and as we approached it, I heard the fellows behind cry out, 'Shut the gate! shut the gate!' I felt thankful that I should then get out, and make the best of my way home again. I was astonished that cutting Tom did not slacken his pace when he heard the cry of 'shut the gate!' instead of that, laying the whip on his horses, he even increased his furious career, and we actually appeared to be flying. Oh, what a moment! I could just perceive, by the glimmer of the lamp at the turnpike-house, that the gate was closed. Tom dashed on with the fury of a demon. The men behind screamed in the agony of fear. I shouted, 'For God's sake, stop!' The old German went into a fit, and kicked most violently. At this moment a most awful crash took place. It was terrific—the screams of the women at the gate, and the noise inside and outside the carriage! Never shall I forget it. Tom, gallant Tom, who had sworn before we started off that no earthly power should stop him, kept his word. He dashed at the gate with an impetus that nothing could resist. The barrier gave way, and was dashed into ten thousand pieces. It was only one crash, and all was over; but it was succeeded by a triumphant shout from the cutter. The old German shortly after recovered from his fit; but Tom never stopped till we got to the next stage, and here we found the promised stage waiting for us. The moment we stopped the two fellows behind seized me. Cutting Tom, and Flash Jack the post-boy of the fresh chaise, in a moment took my part. Tom floored one of the fellows in the twinkling of an eye. Jack had met with his match. I endeavored to explain the state of affairs to Tom, who had gone up to the chaise in which the old German was,—'Now, Miss, out with you in a minute,' said he. A crowd of people was soon round, and there was a cry for lights. The landlord of the inn, and ostlers, strangers, old and young, all kept congregating, till there was such a noise and such an uproar, that had there been the least chance for me to escape I certainly should have done so. When the lights were brought, and Mr. Von Tromp exhibited himself, the laugh was loud. Two or three constables were now on the spot, and I was taken charge of; and Mr. Von Tromp, to the great delight of a numerous auditory, gave an account of the adventure. The letter that was intended for his daughter had fallen into his hands, through the mistakes of his footman, who had given him the packet of medicine intended for her. The people seemed highly diverted at my expense. I said no one had any right to detain me; but the old German said, 'Dead or alive, I should that night go back to Mr. Grubbins'; and

as I saw his arguments, backed by two constables, were irresistible, I resigned, and they took me back to the place whence I came, much to the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. G. mildly observed, 'I always thought you would come to some bad end!'

There was nothing to be done : in a few days the old German and his daughter left the neighborhood, and I was quite as anxious to take my leave also. The time of my apprenticeship was just expiring, and so, with the consent of all parties, I bade adieu to this place, and thus finished the principal adventures of my apprenticeship.

LINES.

BY JAMES ATKINSON.

On a Painting, now on the Easel, by Wilkie, of two Monks, as seen by him in the Capuchin Convent at Toledo.

Look on that picture ! There the artist's skill
Has told a tale which sinks into the soul—
He has embodied an impressive thought,
And given, in sombre hues which Rembrandt lov'd,
One powerful view of abstract misery,
Filling the imagination with a scene
Of suffering intense. It seems to breathe
Unutterable traits of sin and crime.

Look on that picture ! In his holy seat
A venerable monk is seen ; before him,
Upon his knees, another, ghastly pale,
Pours out the burning anguish of his heart ;
For bloodless cheeks and lips, and a wild eye,
At once declares his agony. He groans,
And supplicates that aged monk, and grasps
His palsied arm, to urge with deeper power
Hope of salvation. He himself a monk,
A young one, led astray perchance by love,
Or mad ambition, scorning all control.

Look on that picture ! List, I think a voice,
Hollow and passionate, strikes upon my ear,
And seems to say—

'Father ! there *was* a time—but now,
When guilt is laboring in my breast—
When horror trembles on my brow—
Can I, by idle fears imprest,
Shrink from the trial, and allow
Flames to consume me unconfest ?

What urged my fate it matters not—
 How I was tempted, how I fell;
 My soul it owns the leprous spot,
 The mark of an accursed spell;
 Within I feel that damning blot
 Which demons bear, who merit hell

Still I might live and be beloved—
 If scorpion thoughts had lost their force;
 For who can smile, or seem unmoved,
 When on the rack of keen remorse?

And can my crimes remain untold?
 Ambition's slaves are bought and sold;
 And hate, unfit for monk to feel,
 May chance to seize the murderous steel;
 May hurl, all weltering in his blood,
 A rival midst the foaming flood.
 But *she* was free from guilt or stain—
 Her spirit is snatched to heaven again;
 Her angel-innocence exempt
 From withering sneer, repulse, contempt;
 Whilst I, deserving all, must never
 Feel joy again; but, lost forever,
 Linger in bitterest wo, my name
 The lasting mark of scorn and shame.
 But, Father! crush me not—let none
 Know whence proceeds the sinner's groan.

Then what am I?—Corrupt, abased,
 Yet basking in the world's esteem;
 Austere, devout as ever graced
 These convent walls—'tis all a dream;
 Can truth upon this cheek be traced?
 Alas! I am not what I seem.

Yet there's a canker-worm within,
 Which eats and wastes the heart away;
 Though outward virtue hide the sin,
 That worm gnaws deeper every day.

And pangs are felt, though closely veiled;
 Though sheltered from suspicion's blast,
 The conscious soul is still assailed,
 And shudders at the guilty past.

Yes, look upon that picture! breathes it not
 With all the force the pencil can bestow,
 A deep revealing of some secret crime?

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG*.

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound which always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window. I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small suppressed voice, sung the following snatch of a vulgar Port-Royal ditty, which I shall introduce here, merely for the purpose of laying before the readers, a specimen of their sable ditties.

'Newfoundland dog love him master de morest
Of all de dog ever I see;
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest,
Difference none never makee to he.'

The singer broke off suddenly, as if disturbed by the approach of some one.

'Hush, hush, you old foolish'—said a man's voice, in the same low whispering tone; 'you will waken de dronken sentry dere, when we shall all be put in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better.'

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreamy recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before. I listened therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone.

'Newfoundland dog love him master de morest
Of all de dog ever I see;
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest,
Difference none never makee to he.'

There was a pause for a minute or two.

'It no use,' the same voice continued; 'him neither no dere, or he wou't hear us.'

'Stop,' said the female, 'stop; woman head good for something. I know who he shall hear.—Here, good dog, sing psalm; good dog sing psalm,' and thereupon a long loud melancholy howl rose wailing through the night air.

'If that be not my dear old dog Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him,' thought I.

The woman again spoke—'Yowl leetle piece more, good dog;' and the howl was repeated.

I was now certain. By this time I had risen, and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see anything distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.

'Who are you? what do you want with me?'

'Speak softly, massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all de rum I give him.'

Here the dog recognised me, and nearly spoiled sport altogether; indeed it might have cost us our lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan-house, in vain endeavors to reach the window.

* Continued from p. 94.

'Down, Sneezer, down, sir; you used to be a dog of some sense; down.'

But Sneezer's joy had capsized his discretion, and the sound of my voice pronouncing his name drove him mad altogether, and he bounded against the end of the shed, like a battering-ram.

'Stop, man, stop,' and I held down the bight of my neckcloth, with an end in each hand. He retired, took a noble run, and in a trice hooked his forepaws in the handkerchief, and I hauled him in at the window. 'Now, Sneezer, down with you, sir; down with you, or your rampaging will get all our throats cut.' He cowered at my feet, and was still as a lamb from that moment. I stepped to the window. 'Now who are you, and what do you want?' said I.

'Ah, massa, you no know me!'

'How the devil should I? Don't you see it is as dark as pitch?'

'Well, massa, I will tell you; it is *me*, massa.'

'I make no great doubt of that; but who may *you* be?'

'Lord, you are de foolish person, make *me* talk to him,' said the female. 'Massa, neber mind he, dat stupid fellow, my husband, and surely massa now know *me*?'

'Now my very worthy friends, I think you want to make yourselves known to me; and if so, pray have the goodness to tell me your names, that is, if I can in any way serve you.'

'To be sure you can, massa; for dat purpose I come here.'

The woman hooked the word out of his mouth. 'Yes, massa, you must know me is Nancy, and dat old stupid is my husband, Peter Mangrove, him who—'

Here Peter chimed in—'Yes, massa, Peter Mangrove is de person you have de honor to address, and—' here he lowered his voice still more, although the whole dialogue from the commencement had been conducted in no higher tone than a loud whisper. 'We have secured one big large canoe, neer de mout of dis dam hole, which, wid your help, I think we shall be able to launch troo de surf; and once in smoot water, den no fear but we shall run down de coast safely before de wind till we reach St. Jago.'

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. 'But, Peter, how, in the name of mumbo jumbo, came you *here*?'

'Why, Massa, you do forget a leetle, dat I am a Creole negro, and not a naked tattooed African, whose exploits, dat is de wonderful ting him *never* do in him's own country, him get embroidered and pinked in gunpowder on him breach; beside, I am christian gentleman like yourself; so dam mumbo jumbo, Massa Cringle.'

I saw where I had erred. 'So say I, Peter, dam mumbo jumbo particularly; but how came you here, man? tell me that.'

'Why, massa, I was out in de Pilot-boat schooner, wid my wife here, and five more hands, waiting for de outward bound, tinkin no harm, when dem piratical rascal catch we, and carry us off. Yankee privateer bad enough; but who ever hear of pilot being carry off? blasphemy dat, carry off pilot! Who ever dream of such a ting? every shivilised peoples respect pilot—carry off pilot!—oh Lord—' and he groaned in spirit for several seconds.

'And the dog?' inquired I.

'Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home; and since you was good enough to board him wid us, he has messed wid us, and slept wid us; and when we started last, although he showed some dislike at going on

board, I had only to say, Sneezer, we go look for you master; and he made such a bound, dat he capsized my old woman dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit !'

'Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old willain.'

'Well, but, Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of your crew?'

'Oh dear! oh dear! dat is de worstest; oh dear!' and he began to cry and sob like the veriest child. 'Oh, massa'—after he had somewhat recovered himself;—'Oh, massa, dese people devils. Why, de make all de oder on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot. Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de became leetle and leetle, and more leetler, down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat each wavering black spot was fellow-creature like one-self, wid de heart's blood warm in his bosom at de very instant of time we lost sight of him forever!'

'God bless me,' said I; 'and how did you escape, and the black dog, and the black—ahem—beg pardon—your wife I mean; how were you spared?'

'Ah, massa! I can't say; but bad as de were, de seemed to have a liking for brute beasts, so dem save Sneezer, and my wife, and myshef; we were de only quadrupeds saved out of de whole crew—Oh dear! Oh dear!'

'Well, well; I know enough now. I will spare you the pains of any further recital, Peter; so tell me what I am to do.'

'Stop, massa, till I see if de sentry be still sound. I know de fellow, he was one on dem; let me see'—and I heard him through the loose flooring boards walk to the foot of the trap ladder leading up to my berth.' The soliloquy that followed was very curious of its kind. The Negro had excited himself by a recapitulation of the cruelties exercised on his unfortunate shipmates, and the unwarrantable caption of himself and rib, a deed that in the nautical calendar would rank in atrocity with the murder of a herald or the bearer of a flag of truce. He kept murmuring to himself, as he groped about in the dark for the sentry—'Catch pilot! who ever hear of such a ting? I suppose dem would have pull down lighthouse, if dere had been any for pull.—Where is dis sentry rascal? him surely no sober yet?'

The sentry had fallen asleep as he leant back on the ladder, and had gradually slid down into a sitting position, with his head leaning against one of the steps, as he reclined with his back towards it, thus exposing his throat and neck to the groping paw of the black pilot.

'Ah—here him is, snoring heavy as my Nancy—well, dronk still; no fear of him overhearing we—nice position him lie in—quite convenient—could cut his troat now—slice him like a pumpkin—de devil is surely busy wid me, Peter. I find de very clasp-knife in my starboard pocket beginning to open of himself.'

I tapped on the floor with my foot.

'Ah, tank you, Massa Tom—de devil nearly get we all in a scrape just now. However, I see him is quite sound—de sentry dat is, for de oder never sleep, you know.' He had again come under the window. 'Now, Lieutenant, in two word, to-morrow night at two bells, in de middle watch, I will be here, and we shall make a start of it; will you venture, sir?'

'Will I?—to be sure I will; but why not now, Peter? why not now?'

'Ah, massa, you no smell de day-light; near day-break already, sir.'

Can't make try dis night, but to-morrow night I shall be here punctual.'

'Very well, but the dog, man? if he be found in my quarters, we shall be blown, and I scarcely think he will leave me.'

'Garamighty! true enough, massa; what is to be done? De people know de dog was catch wid *me*, and if he be found wid *you*, den dey will suspect we communication togidder. What is to be done?'

I was myself not a little perplexed, when Nancy whispered, 'de dog have more sense den many Christian person. Tell him he must go wid us dis *one* night, no tell him *dis* night, else him won't; say *dis one* night, and dat if him don't, we shall all be deaded; try him, massa.'

I had benefited by more extraordinary hints before now, although, well as I knew the sagacity of the poor brute, I could not venture to hope it would come up to the expectations of Mrs. Mangrove. 'But I'll try.—Here, Sneezer, here, my boy; you must go home with Peter to-night, or we shall all get into a deuced mess; so here, my boy, here is the bight of the handkerchief again, so through the window you must go; come, Sneezer, come.'

To my great joy and surprise, the poor dumb beast rose from where he had coiled himself at my feet, and after having actually embraced me, by putting his forepaws on my shoulders, as he stood on his hind legs, and licked my face from ear to ear, uttering a low, fondling, nuzzling sort of whine, like a nurse caressing a child, he at once leapt on the window sill, put his forepaws through the handkerchief, and was dropped to the ground again. I could immediately perceive the two dark figures of the pilot and his wife, followed by the dog, glide away as noiselessly as if they had been spirits of the night, until they were lost under the shade of the thick jungle.

I turned in, and—what will not youth and fatigue do?—I fell once more fast to sleep, and never opened my eyes until Obed shook me in my cot about eight o'clock in the morning.

'Good morning, Lieutenant. I have sent up your breakfast, but you don't seem inclined to eat it.'

'Don't you believe it, my dear Obed. I have been sound asleep till this moment; only stop till I have slipped on my—those shoes, if you please—thank you. Waistcoat—that will do. Now—coffee, fish, yams, and plantains, and biscuit, white as snow, and short as—and eggs—and—zounds! claret to finish with?—Why, Obed, you surely don't desire that I should enjoy all these delicacies in solitary blessedness?'

'Why, I intend to breakfast with you, if my society be not disagreeable.'

'Disagreeable? Not in the least, quite the contrary. That black grouper looks remarkably beautiful. Another piece of yam, if you please.—Shall I fill you a cup of coffee, Obed? For my own part, I always stow the ground tier of my cargo dry, and then take a topdressing. Write this down as an approved axiom with all thorough breakfast-eaters. Why, man, you are off your feed; what are you turning up your ear for, in that incomprehensible fashion, like a duck in thunder? A little of the claret—thank you. The very best butter I have ever eaten out of Ireland—now, some of that Avocado pear—and as for biscuit, Lemon never came up to it. I say, man,—hillo, where are you?—rouse ye out of your brown study, man.'

'Did you hear that, Mr. Cringle?'

'Hear what?—I heard nothing,' rejoined I; 'but hand me over that land crab.—Thank you, and you may send the spawl of that creeping

thing along with it ; that guana. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first, but I have got over it somehow ;—and a thin slice of ham, a small taste of the unclean beast, Obed—peach-fed, I'll warrant.'

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberated from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves asleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder.

'Ha, ha ! Dick Gasket for a thousand ! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, Master Obed—but Lord help us, man ! let us finish our breakfast ; he won't be *here* this half hour.'

I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder cloud from my ill-timed fanning ; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied,—

'Why, Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright look-out at the mouth of our cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel.'

'It may be so ;—hush ! there's another gun—*Two !*'

Obed changed countenance at the double report.

'I say, Obed, the felucca did not carry more than *one* gun when I saw her, and she has had no time to load and fire again.'

He did not answer a word, but continued, with a piece of guana on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two dropping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat, and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. 'Pedro que hay,' I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste, for he gasped for breath—

'Aquí viene la felucha,' answered Pedro ; 'perseguido por dos Lanchas Canoneras llenas de Gente.'

'Abordo entonces, Abordo todo el mundo, arma arma, aquí vienen los Engleses, arma, arma.'

And all from that instant was a regular hillabaloo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were hurrying to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole, Spanish, and Yankee English, while every cannon-shot from the felucca, or the boat guns, came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes, were now heard, and I could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay full in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable, 'Now, men, I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken every devil of you will be hanged—so hoist away the signal ;' and a small black ball flew up through the rigging, until it reached the main-topgallant-mast-head of the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out in a large *black* swallow-tailed flag, like a commodore's broad pennant. 'Now,' shrieked he, 'let me see who dares give in with *this* voucher for his honesty flying aloft !'

I twisted and craned myself out of the window, to get a view of what was going on elsewhere ; however, I could see nothing but Obed's large

schooner from it, all the other craft were out of the range of my eye, being hid by the projecting roof of the shed. The noise continued—the shouting rose higher than ever—the other schooners opened their fire, both cannon and musketry; and from the increasing vehemence of the Spanish exclamations, and the cheering on board Obed's vessels, I concluded the attacking party were having the worst of it. My dog Sneezzer now came jumping and scrambling up the trap-stair, his paws slipping between the bars at every step, his mouth wide open, and his tongue hanging out, while he barked, and yelled, and gasped to get at me, as if his life depended on it. After him I could see the round woolly pate of Peter Mangrove, Esquire, as excited apparently as the dog, and as anxious to get up; but they got jammed together in the small hatch, and stuck there, man and beast. At length Peter spoke—'Now, sir, now; Nancy has run on before to the beach with two paddles; now for it, now for it.' Down trundled master, and dog, and pilot. By this time there was no one in the lower part of the shed, which was full of smoke, while the infernal tumult on the water still raged as furiously as ever, the shot of all sorts and sizes hissing, and splashing, and *ricochetting* along the smooth surface of the harbor, as if there had been a sleet of musket and cannon balls and grape. Peter struck out at the top of his speed, Sneezzer and I followed; we soon reached the jungle, dashed through a path that had been recently cleared with a cutlass, or bill-hooks, for the twigs were freshly shred, and in about ten minutes reached the high wood. However, no rest for the wicked, although the row seemed lessening now. 'Some one has got the worst of it,' said I.

'Never mind, master,' quoth Peter, 'or we shan't get de betterrest ourself.' And away we galloped again, until I had scarcely a rag an inch square on my back, or *any where* else, and my skin was torn in pieces by the prickly bushes and spear grass. The sound of firing now ceased entirely, although there was loud shouting now and then, still.

'Push on, massa—dem will soon miss we.'

'True enough, Peter—but what is that?' as we came to a bundle of clouds wallopping about in the morass.

'De devil it must be, I tink,' said the pilot. 'No, my Nancy it is, sticking in the mud up to her waist; what shall us do? you tink, massa, we hab time for can stop to pick she out?'

'Heaven have mercy, Peter—yes, unquestionably.'

'Well, massa, you know best.' So we tugged at the sable heroine, and first one leg came home out of the tenacious clay, with a *ptop*, then the other was drawn out of the quagmire. We then relieved her of the paddles, and each taking hold of one of the poor half-dead creature's hands, we succeeded in getting down to the beach, about half a mile to leeward of the entrance to the cove. We found the canoe there, plumped Nancy stern foremost into the bottom of it for ballast, gathered all our remaining energies for a grand shove, and ran her like lightning into the surf, till the water flashed over and over us, reaching to our necks. Next moment we were both swimming, and the canoe, although full of water, beyond the surf, rising and falling on the long swell. We scrambled on board, set Nancy to bale with Peter's hat, seized our paddles, and sculled away like fury for ten minutes right out to sea, without looking once about us, until a musket-shot whistled over our heads, then another, and a third; and I had just time to hold up a white handkerchief, to prevent a whole platoon being let drive at us from the deck of his Britannic Majesty's schooner Gleam, lying to about a cable's length to windward of us, with the Firebrand a mile astern of her out at sea. In five minutes we got on board of the former.

'Mercy upon me, Tom Cringle, and is this the way we are to meet again?' said old Dick Gasket, as he held out his large, bony, sun-burnt hand to me. 'You have led me a nice dance, in a vain attempt to redeem you from bondage, Tom; but I am delighted to see you, although I have not had the credit of being your deliverer—very glad to see you, Tom; but come along, man, come down with me, and let me rig you, not quite a Stultze's fit, you know, but a jury rig—you shall have as good as Dick Gasket's kit can furnish forth, for really you are in a miserable plight, man.'

'Bad enough indeed, Mr. Gasket—many thanks though—bad enough, as you say; but I would that your boats' crew were in so good a plight.'

Mr. Gasket looked earnestly at me—'Why I have my own misgivings, Mr. Cringle; this morning at daybreak, the Firebrand in company, we fell in with an armed felucca. It was dead calm, and she was out of gunshot, close in with the land. The Firebrand immediately sent the cutter on board, fully armed, with instructions to me to man the launch and arm her with the boat-gun and then to send both boats to overhaul the felucca. I did so, standing in as quickly as the light air would take me, to support them; the felucca all this while sweeping in shore as fast as she could pull. But the boats were too nimble for her, and our launch had already saluted her twice from the six-pounder in the bow, when the sea-breeze came thundering down in a white squall, that reefed our gaff topsail in a trice, and blew away a whole lot of light sails, like so many paper-kites. When it cleared away, the devil a felucca, boat, or anything else, was to be seen. Capsized they could not have been, for all three were not likely to have gone that way; and as to any creek they could have run into, why we could see none. That they had pulled in shore, however, was our conclusion; but here have we been the whole morning, firing signal guns every five minutes without success.'

'Did you hear no firing after the squall?' said I.

'Why, some of my people thought they did, but it was that hollow, tremulous, reverberating kind of sound, that it might have been thunder; and the breeze blew too strong to have allowed us to hear musketry a mile and a half to windward of them. I did think I saw some smoke rise, and blow off now and then, but'——

'But me no buts, Master Richard Gasket; Peter Mangrove here, as well as myself, saw your people pursue the felucca into the lion's den, and I fear they have been crushed in his jaws.' I briefly related what we had seen—Gasket was in great distress.

'They must have been taken, Mr. Cringle. The fools, to allow themselves to be trepanned in this way! we must stand out and speak the corvette—All hands make sail!'

I could not help smiling at the grandeur of Dick's emphasis on the *all* when twenty hands, one-third of them boys, and the others landsmen, scrambled up from below, and began to pull and haul in no very seamanlike fashion. He noticed it. 'Ah, Tom, I know what you are grinning at; but I fear it has been no laughing matter to my poor boats' crew—all my best hands gone—God help me!'

Presently, being under the Firebrand's lee quarter, we lowered down the boat and went on board, where, for the first time, the extreme ludicrousness of my appearance and following flashed on me. There we were all in a bunch, the dog, Mr. and Mrs. Mangrove, and Thomas Cringle, gent., such in appearance as I shall shortly describe them.

Old Richard Gasket, Esq., first clambered up the side, and made his bow to the Hon. Captain N—— who was standing near the gangway on the snow-white deck, where everything was in the most apple-pie order, himself, both in mind and apparel, the most polished concern in the ship, amidst a group of officers ; while the whole crew, with the exception of the unfortunate absentees in the cutter, were scrambling to get a good view of us.

I have already said, that my uniform was torn to pieces; trowsers ditto; my shoes had parted company in the quagmire ; and as for hat, it was left in my cot. I had a dirty bandage tied round my neck, performing the twofold office of a cravat and a dressing to my wound ; while the blood from the scratches had dried into black streaks adown and across my face and paws, and I was altogether so begrimed with mud that my mother would not have known me. Dick made his salam, and then took up a position beside the sally port, with an important face, like a show-man exhibiting wild beastesses, a regular ' stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole ' sort of look.—I followed him.—This is Lieutenant Cringle, Captain N——.

' The devil it is ? ' said N—— trying in vain to keep his gravity. ' Why, I see it is —How do you do, Mr. Cringle ! glad to see you.'

' This is Peter Mangrove, branch pilot,' continued Gasket, as Peter, bowing, tried to slide past out of sight.

Till this instant I had not had time to look at him—he was even a much queerer-looking figure than myself. He had been encumbered with no garment beside his trowsers when we started, and these had been reduced, in the scramble through the brake, to a waistband and two kneebands, from which a few shreds fluttered in the breeze, the rest of his canvass having been entirely torn out of the bolt-ropes. For an upper dress he had borrowed a waistcoat without sleeves from the purser of the schooner, which hung loose and unbuttoned before, while behind, being somewhat of the shortest, some very prominent parts of his stern frame were disclosed, as even an apology for a shirt had he none. Being a *decent* man, however, he had tied his large straw hat round his waist, by strings fastened to the broad brims, which nearly met behind, so that the crown covered his loins before, like a petard, while the sameness of his black naked body was relieved by being laced with blood from numberless lacerations.

Next came the female—' This is the pilot's wife, Captain N——,' again sung out old Dick ; but decency won't let me venture on a description of poor Nancy's equipments, beyond mentioning that one of the Gleam's crew had given her a pair of old trowsers, which, as a sailor has no bottom, and Nancy was not a sailor, were most ludicrously scanty at top; and devil another rag of any kind had the poor creature on, but a handkerchief across her bosom. There was no standing all this ; the crew forward and in the waist were all on the broad grin, while the officers, after struggling to maintain their gravity until they were nearly suffocated, fairly gave in, and the whole ship echoed with the most uproarious laughter ; a young villain, whether a Mid or no I could not tell, yelling out in the throng, ' Hurra for Tom Cringle's tail ! '

I was fairly beginning to lose countenance, when up jumped Sneezer to my relief out of the boat, with an old cocked hat lashed on his head, a marine's jacket buttoned round his body, and his coal-black muzzle bedaubed with pipe-clay, regularly monkeyfied, the momentary handiwork of some wicked little reefers, while a small pipe sung out quietly, as if

not intended to reach the quarter-deck although it did do so, 'And here comes the *last joint* of Mr. Cringle's tail.' The dog began floundering and jumping about, and walloping amongst the people, most of whom knew him, and immediately drew their attention from me and my party to himself; for away they all bundled forward, dog and men tumbling and scrambling about like so many children, leaving the coast clear to me and my attendants. The absurdity of the whole exhibition had for an instant, even under the very nose of a proverbially taught hand, led to freedoms which I had believed impossible in a man-of-war. However, there was too much serious matter in hand, independently of any other consideration, to allow the merriment created by our appearance to last long. Captain N——, immediately on being informed how matters stood, with seamanlike promptitude determined to lighten the *Gleam*, and send her in with the boats, for the purpose of destroying the haunt of the pirates, and recovering the men, if they were still alive; but before anything could be done, it came on to blow, and for a week we had great difficulty in maintaining our position off the coast against the strength of the gale and lee current. It was on the Sunday morning after I had escaped that it moderated sufficiently for our purpose, when both vessels stood close in, and Peter and I were sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the port in the gig. Having sounded and taken the bearings of the land, we returned on board, when the *Gleam's* provisions were taken out and her water started. The ballast was then shifted, so as to bring her by the head, that she might thus draw less water by being on an even keel, all sharp vessels of her class requiring much deeper water aft than forward; the corvette's launch, with a 12-pound carronade fitted, was then manned and armed with thirty seaman and marines, under the command of the second lieutenant; the jolly boat, and the two quarter boats, each with twelve men, followed in a string, under the third lieutenant, the master, and the senior midshipman; thirty picked hands were added to the schooner's crew, and I was desired to take the gig, with six smart hands and Peter Mangrove, and to accompany the whole as pilot; but to pull out of danger so soon as the action commenced, so as to be ready to help any disabled boat, or to carry orders from the commanding officer. At nine in the morning, we gave three cheers, and leaving the corvette, with barely forty hands on board, the *Gleam* made sail towards the harbor's mouth, with the boats in tow; but when we got within musket-shot of the entrance, the breeze failed us, when the order of sailing was reversed, the boats now taking the schooner in tow, preceded by your humble servant in the gig. We dashed safely through the small canal of blue water, which divided the surf at the harbor's mouth, having hit it to a nicety; but when about a pistol shot from the entrance, the channel narrowed to a muddy creek, not more than twenty yards wide, with high trees, and thick underwood close to the water's edge. All was silent, the sun shone down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning-glass, and there was no breeze to dissipate the heavy dank mist that hovered over the surface of the unwholesome canal, nor was there any appearance of a living thing, save and except a few startled water-fowl, and some guanoes on the trees, and now and then an alligator like a black log of charred wood, would roll off a slimy bank of brown mud, with a splash into the water. We rowed on, the schooner every now and then taking the ground, but she was always quickly warped off again by a keedge; at length, after we had in all proceeded it might be about a mile from the beach, we came to a boom of strong

timber clamped with iron, stretching across the creek. We were not unprepared for this; one of two old 32-pound carronades, which, in anticipation of some obstruction of the sort, had been got on deck from amongst the Gleam's ballast, and properly slung, was now made fast to the middle timber of the boom, and let go, when the weight of it sunk it to the bottom, and we passed on. We pulled on for about half a mile further, when I noticed, high up on a sunny cliff, that shot boldly out into the clear blue heavens, a small red flag suddenly run up to the top of a tall, scathed, branchless palm-tree, where it flared for a moment in the breeze like the flame of a torch, and then as suddenly disappeared. 'Come, they are on the look-out for us, I see.' The hills continued to close on us as we advanced, and that so precipitously that we might have been crushed to pieces had half a dozen active fellows, without any risk to themselves, for the trees would have screened them, simply loosened some of the fragments of rock that impended over us, so threateningly, it seemed, as if a little finger could have sent them bounding and thundering down the mountain side; but this either was not the game of the people we were in search of, or Obed's spirit and energy had been crushed out of him by the heart-depressing belief that his hours were numbered; for no active obstruction was offered. We now suddenly rounded an abrupt corner of the creek, and there we were full in front of the schooners, who, with the felucca in advance, were lying in line of battle, with springs on their cables. The horrible black pennant was, in the present instance, now here to be seen; indeed, why such an impolitic step as ever to have shown it at all, was taken in the first attack, I never could understand, for the force was too small to have created any serious fear of being captured, (unless indeed it had been taken for an advanced guard, supported by a stronger,) while it must have appeared probable to Obadiah, that the loss of the two boats would, in all likelihood, lead to a more powerful attempt, when, if it were successful, the damning fact of having fought under such an infernal emblem must have insured a pirate's death on the gibbet to every soul who was taken, unless he had intended to have murdered all the witnesses of it. But since proof in my person and the pilot's existed, now, if ever, was the time for mortal resistance, and to have hoisted it, for they knew that they all fought with halts about their necks. They had all the Spanish flag lying except the Wave, which showed American colors, and the felucca, which had a white flag hoisted, from which last, whenever our gig appeared, a canoe shoved off, and pulled towards us. The officer, if such he might be called, also carried a white flag in his hand. He was a daring-looking fellow, and dashed up along side of me. The incomprehensible folly of trying at this time of day to cloak the real character of the vessels, puzzled me, and does so to this hour. I have never got a clew to it, unless it was that Obed's strong mind had given way before his, superstitious fears, and others had now assumed the right of both judging and acting for him in this his closing scene. He at once recognised me but seemed neither surprised nor disconcerted at seeing me, or the strength of the force which accompanied me. He asked me in Spanish if I commanded it; I told him I did not, that the captain of the schooner was the senior officer. 'Then will you be good enough, Mr. Cringle, to go on board with me, to interpret for me?'—'Certainly.' In half a minute we were both on the Gleam's deck, the crews of the boats that had her in tow lying on their oars. 'You are the commander of this force?' said the Spaniard. 'I am, said old Gasket, who had fagged

himself out in full puff after the manner of the ancients, as if he had been going to church, instead of to fight ; ' and who the hell are you ? ' ' I command one of these Spanish schooners, sir, which your boats so unwarrantably attacked a week ago, although you are at peace with Spain. But even had they been enemies they were in a friendly port, which should have protected them. '—' All very good oysters, ' quoth old Dick ; ' and pray was it an honest trick of you or your friend, to cabbage my young friend, Lieutenant Cringle there, as if you had been slavers kidnapping the Bungoes in the Bight of Biafra, and then to fire on and murder my people when sent in to claim him ? '—' As to carrying off that young gentleman, it was no affair of ours ; he was brought away by the master of that American schooner ; but so far as regards firing on your people, I believe they fired first. But they are not murdered ; on the contrary, they have been well used, and are now on board that felucca. I am come to surrender the whole fifteen to you. '—' The whole fifteen ! and what have you made of the other twelve ? '—' Gastados, ' said the fellow with all the sangfroid in the world, ' gastados, (spent or expended) by their own folly. '

' Oh, they are expended, are they ? then give us the fifteen. '—' Certainly, but you will in this case withdraw your force, of course ? '—' We shall see about that,—go and send us the men. ' He jumped down into the canoe, and shoved off ;—when he reached the felucca, he struck the white flag, and hoisted the Spanish in its stead, and by hauling on a spring, he brought her to cover the largest schooner so effectually that we could not fire a shot at her without going through the felucca. We could see all the men leave this latter vessel in two canoes, and go on board one of the other craft. There was now no time to be lost, so I dashed at the felucca in the gig, and broke open the hatches, where we found the captured seamen and their gallant leader, Lieutenant **, in a sorry plight, expecting nothing but to be blown up, or instant death by shot or the knife. We released them, and sending to the Glean for ammunition and small arms, led the way in the felucca, by Mr. Gasket's orders, to the attack, the corvette's launch supporting us ; while the schooner with the other craft were scraping up as fast as they could. We made straight for the largest schooner, which with her consorts now opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry, which we returned with interest. I can tell little of what took place till I found myself on the pirate's quarterdeck, after a desperate tussle, and having driven the crew overboard, with dead and wounded men thickly strewn about, and our fellows busy firing at their surviving antagonists, as they were trying to gain the shore by swimming.

Although the schooner we carried was the Commodore, and commanded by Obadiah in person, yet the pirates, that is the Spanish part of them, by no means showed the fight I expected. While we were approaching, no fire could be hotter, and their yells and cheers were tremendous ; but the instant we laid her alongside with the felucca, and swept her decks with a discharge of grape from the carronade, under cover of which we boarded on the quarter, while the launch's people scrambled up at the bows, their hearts failed them, a regular panic overtook them, and they jumped overboard, without waiting for a taste either of cutlass or boarding pike. The captain himself, however, with about ten Americans, stood at bay round the long gun which, notwithstanding their great inferiority in point of numbers to our party, they manfully fired three several times at us, after we had carried her aft ; but

we were so close that the grape came past us like a round shot, and only killed one hand at each discharge,—whereas at thirty yards farther-off it might have made a pretty 'tableau' of the whole party, by having had room to spread. I hailed Obed twice to surrender, as our people, staggered by the extreme hardihood of the small group, hung back for an instant; but he either did not hear me, or would not, for the only reply he seemed inclined to make was by slewing round the gun so as to bring me on with it, and the next moment a general rush was made, when the whole party was cut down, with three exceptions, one of whom was Obed himself, who getting on the gun, made a desperate bound over the men's heads, and jumped overboard. He struck out gallantly, the shot pattering round him like the first of a thunder shower, but he dived apparently unhurt, and I lost sight of him.

The other vessels having also been carried, the firing was all on our side by this time, and I, along with the other officers, was exerting myself to stop the butchery. 'Cease firing, men; for shame, you see they no longer resist'—And my voice was obeyed by all except the fifteen we had released, who were absolutely mad with fury—perfect fiends; such uncontrollable fierceness I had never witnessed,—indeed, I had nearly cut one of them down before I could make them knock off firing. 'Don't fire, sir,' cried I to one. 'Ay, ay, sir; but that scoundrel made me wash his shirts,' and he let drive at a poor devil, who was squattering and swimming away towards the shore, and shot him through the head. 'By heavens, I will run you through, if you fire at that man!' shouted I to another, a marine, who was taking aim at no less a personage than friend Obed, who had risen to breath, and was swimming after the others, *but the very last man of all*. 'No, by G—! he made me wash his trowsers, sir.' He fired—the pirate stretched out his arms, turned slowly on his back, with his face towards me. I thought he gave me a sort of 'Et tu, Brute' look, but I dare say it was faucy—his feet began to sink, and he gradually disappeared,—a few bubbles of froth and blood marking the spot where he went down. He had been shot dead. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment,—they burned themselves in on my heart at the time, and the impression is indelible. Whether I had or had not acted, in one sense, unjustly, by thrusting myself, so conspicuously forward in the attempt to capture him after what had passed between us, forced itself upon my judgment. I had certainly promised that I would, in no way that I could help, be instrumental in his destruction or seizure, provided he landed me at St. Jago, or put me on board a friendly vessel. He did neither, so his part of the compact might be considered broken; but then it was out of his power to have fulfilled it; besides, he not only threatened my life subsequently, but actually wounded me; still, however, on great provocation. But what 'is writ, is writ.' He has gone to his account, pirate as he was, murderer if you will; yet I had, and still have, a tear for his memory,—and many a time have I prayed on my bare knees that his blue agonised dying look might be erased from my memory;—but this can never be. What he had been I never learned; but it is my deliberate opinion, that with a clear stage and opportunity, he would have forced himself out from the surface of society for good or for evil. The unfortunates who survived him but to expiate their crimes on the gibbet at Port Royal, said he had joined them from a New York privateer, but they knew nothing farther of him beyond the fact, that by his skill and desperate courage, within a month he had by common acclaim been elected captain of the whole

band. There was a story current on board the corvette, of a small trading craft, with a person answering his description, having been captured in the Chesapeake, by one of the squadron, and sent to Halifax for adjudication; the master, as in most cases of the kind, being left on board, which from that hour had never been heard of, neither vessel, nor prize, crew nor captain, until two Americans were taken out of a slaver off the Cape de Verdes, by the Firebrand, about a year afterwards, after a most brave and determined attempt to escape, both of whom were, however, allowed to enter, but subsequently deserted off Sandy Hook, by swimming ashore, in consequence of a pressed hand hinting that Obed had been the master of the vessel above mentioned.

All resistance having ceased, the few of the pirates who escaped having scampered into the woods, where it would have been vain to follow them, we secured our prisoners, and at the close of a bloody day, for fatal had it been to friend and foe, the prizes were got under weigh, and before nightfall we were all at sea, sailing in a fleet under convoy of the corvette and Gleam.

LE LIVRE DES CENT-ET-UN.

We announce with great pleasure, the appearance of the sixth volume of this very interesting work. M. Ladvocat, the parisian publisher, has been enabled, through the assistance of several distinguished friends of literature, to arrange his affairs so far, that there will be no interruption in the appearance of the coming volumes.

The great interest which has been taken in the fortunes of M. Ladvocat, not only by literary men by profession, but, by titled individuals and enlightened statesmen, who have come forward with gratuitous contributions, certainly is a proof of an unusual and distinguished merit in the worthy publisher. We behold side by side La Fayette and the Duke of Fitz James—Dupin and Martignac—Fontau and Genoude—Jony (the well-known hermit of the Chaussée d'Autin,) and David (the celebrated Actor,)—Wollis and Berryer fils;—whilst a melancholy and touching interest is thrown into the work by the contributions of the Count de Peyronnet, one of the unhappy ministers of Charles X., dated from his gloomy cell in the Castle of Ham. Cooper, too, our philanthropic Cooper, is to add a gem to this brilliant and coruscant collection of foreign talent.—We shall commence with

THE PARISIAN AT SEA.

'Matthew Guichard was the son of Jean Guichard, locksmith, in the Rue Saint-Benoit. He was about seventeen, of the middle height; slim, nervous, and pale. He had small, twinkling grey eyes; and thin, silky brown hair. His countenance indicated a singular mixture of cunning and simplicity; and his livid and wan complexion had that unhealthy and shrivelled appearance so common among the children of the poor and working classes in Paris.

'In his moral constitution,—if, indeed, he had a moral constitution,—Matthew

was insolent, lascivious, lazy, and gluttonous: he was, moreover, a scoffer and a bully. He was neither infidel, nor believer, nor sceptic; but of a stoical indifference in matters of religion;—never invoking the name of God but in a manner so detestable, that he had much better not have invoked it at all. But, in truth, we must not bear too hard upon him on this account; for the very first words which his father, formerly an artillery-man, taught him to utter, were the most frightful oaths. These lessons formed the recreation of the old soldier, when, after a hard day's work, he was seated near his extinguished forge. He would then place young Matthew upon his knee, and listen with delight to the renegade oaths lisped forth by the child. Sometimes his wife would talk of prayers, and of the Holy Virgin, and the infant Saviour; but Jean Guichard would reply, 'Peace, woman! I don't choose that my boy should be either a macaroni parson or a Jesuit.'

'Now, in this respect, Matthew did not disappoint the expectation of his father: he was no macaroni parson, and certainly not a Jesuit.'

'When he was ten years old, he would kick his mother—insult old men—steal old nails from the shop to raise the wind—do no work—receive sound thrashings from his father—and spend whole days from home. At twelve, he had already commenced his career of gallantry—had broken lamps—beaten the watch—and was an admitted member of the society of *mauvais sujets*.

'As he advanced in years, so his offences increased; and the torrent of his misdeeds became so strong, that it threatened to sweep away the reputation, the honor, and the savings of Jean Guichard, his father, who had in vain opposed to it in the form of a dyke, sundry elm and oak cudgels broken upon the back of his son Matthew, but without improving the habits of the youth. Fortunately, Jean Guichard remembered an old proverb, common with the Parisians, which represents a ship as a sort of moral cess-pool, into which all the filth and rubbish of society is thrown. Thus, when a youth of condition commits one of those egregious follies, which never occur but at the dawn of manhood, there is a meeting of the family, and a grave resolution passed, that the young Don Juan must be shipped off to the West Indies, to encounter the hard rubs of life, until he be polished down into discretion.

'So also, when a young villain, the terror of the neighborhood, puts no longer any restraint upon his enormities, after being threatened, in succession, with the commissary, a prison, and the gallies, the climax is wound up by saying, 'He must be sent to sea.'

'Now it happened that, one morning, Jean Guichard entered his son's bed-room, who, I know not by what chance, had slept at home. On opening his eyes, Matthew shuddered, for he perceived that his father had no cudgel.

'He is certainly going to strangle me,' thought the lad.

'Listen to me, Matthew,' said old Guichard, coolly: 'thou art now fifteen years old, and the most consummate scoundrel I know; blows have no effect upon you, and you will die upon the gallows. I have been a soldier, but am an honest man; and things cannot therefore go on as they do. You must come with me to Havre.'

'When?'

'Immediately: dress yourself.'

'Matthew said not another word; but so soon as his clothes were on, cast a sly glance at the door; then, making a sudden bolt, was in a moment upon the stairs. But his father had watched his motions, and Matthew, already exulting in the anticipation of his escape, felt the muscular grip of his father's huge hands.

'Softly, lad—not so fast,' said Jean, and preceding Matthew into the shop, ordered his wife to call a cab, into which the father and son mounted,—a big tear starting in the eyes of the latter, when he saw his mother, in an agony of grief, throw herself upon her knees near the forge.

'From the cab, Matthew passed into the diligence, accompanied by his father, who left him not an instant. The next morning they arrived at Havre.

'In every commercial sea-port town in France, there are certain tavern-keepers who supply unemployed seamen with board and lodgings upon credit. As soon as the latter are hired, they pay their tavern bill out of their advance of wages;

and on their return from sea spend at the same tavern the money they have earned during the voyage. Then credit again succeeds to ready money; and this goes on until a wave off Cape Horn, or a tropical squall, puts an end to these alternate days of dearth and abundance. It is in these taverns that the masters of vessels recruit their crews; and to the landlord of one of them was Jean Guichard recommended by the conducteur of the diligence in which he had travelled to Havre.

As a measure of precaution, Matthew was provisionally locked up in a room, with grated windows and door of massive oak, which was not opened till the next morning at nine o'clock.

"There is the lad," said Jean Guichard, as he entered, to a short, squat, muscular, red-nosed man, who accompanied him.

"Is that he?" said the stranger; "why he is not fit to light the pipe of my cabin boy."

"But you promised me, Captain——"

"Yes, and I will keep my promise. The wind is fair; we sail at eleven, and it is now nine. Come, my lad, get under weigh, and follow in my wake. Thou hast a rare character from thy father, and thy back shall soon become acquainted with a good rope's end."

Matthew readily understood what was in reserve for him. He calculated with marvellous rapidity the chances of escaping, or of successfully opposing his father's will; but, finding the odds against him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.

"Come, Matthew," said Jean Guichard, "embrace thy old father. Behave thyself well, correct thy errors, and we shall meet again, boy."

"Never!" replied Matthew, drawing back from the parental embrace, and whistling a tune with the utmost *nonchalance*, as he followed the captain.

"But if he were never to return!" thought Jean Guichard. "Bah! a stray pigeon always returns to the dove-cot."

Nevertheless, Jean Guichard was very sad for a long time after his son's departure.

Meantime, five days had elapsed since the *Charming Louisa*, a brig of 180 tons burthen, bound to Pernambuco, had left Havre, bearing off the only son and heir of the Guichard family.

This individual, the type and prototype of the Parisian populace, so astonished at everything, was astonished at nothing, because he found analogies everywhere. When a sailor, pointing to the main top, said to him, "Parisian, could you get up there?"—Matthew replied, with a look of contempt, "That's nothing new! I have climbed a thousand times a *mat de cocagne*, rubbed with soap, which is more difficult than to climb with the aid of those ropes." So saying, he mounted to the main top with the agility of a squirrel, and without passing through lubber's hole: he then descended by the mainstay, as proud as a merry-andrew.

"What lies his father has been telling me," said the captain, seeing Matthew's address: "why the lad is not so bad, after all."

The breeze was stiff, and the swell rather strong. The sailors expected to see Matthew's stomach turned inside out. No such thing. The Parisian was not at all sick; he nibbled his biscuit, tore his salt junk with his teeth, drank two rations of wine, because he stole one from a sailor belonging to his mess, then went upon the fore-castle to smoke his pipe.

"Has the motion of the vessel no effect upon you?" said an old sailor, who expected not only to laugh at the contortions of the Parisian during his sickness, but to drink his wine for him when he should be too ill to notice it.

"That's nothing new!" boldly replied Matthew. "I have played too often at balancing in the Champs-Elysees, and rode too often upon the Russian swing, for that to have any effect upon me."

This answer was accompanied with clouds of smoke, which, for an instant, concealed everything around from the Parisian. When the smoke disappeared, the smiling face of the captain met his eye. The latter had heard what had passed.

"Positively," said he, "the father is an old fool;" then addressing Matthew, "From this day, lad, thou art no longer a cabin-boy, but a foremast man."

"As you please," replied Matthew, with indifference.

The next day the captain, who had an eye to everything, perceived that the

sailors of the watch went together below ; and listening at the hatchway, he heard a violent dispute.

"The rascal," exclaimed several voices, "has been put before the mast. It is unjust to favor him in this way. He shall be keel-hauled."

"I shall, if you are bent upon it," replied the Parisian with the most determined coolness, "but I will be revenged. I am alone, it is true : but no matter—woe to him that presumes to touch me."

"But, you rascal," said the orator of the crew, "why did you presume not to be seasick, and to go aloft as fast as we could? You know it was only to flatter the officers."

"Yes," roared the others, in chorus, "he did it on purpose."

"Listen to me," said the Parisian : "if any of you will fight me alone, let us each take one of those pointed irons (looking at two marline spikes,) and we will see which is the best man."

"Done," replied the orator.

"The father decidedly deserves to be keel-hauled," thought the captain : "the son is an excellent fellow."

The captain having interposed his authority, the dispute ended, but the fight took place in the evening, and the Parisian was the conqueror.

From that day, nobody on board presumed to molest our hero, who enjoyed the esteem of his officers and the friendship of his comrades.

Had the captain been endowed with the faculty of analysis, he certainly would have called it into action with regard to the character of Matthew Guichard. But the worthy man never analysed ; he contented himself with beating the Parisian or overwhelming him with favors, according to his opinion of Matthew's deserts. Without amusing himself by tracing effects to causes, he appreciated only results ; he made up his accounts, as he called it, and then paid the balance—kicks or halfpence, a buffet or a glass of grog, as might be.

Meantime two years had expired, during which it is difficult to say whether the sum total was in favor of buffets or glasses of grog ; for, in point of fact, our hero, was neither better nor worse than at first—a young soul used to the parching atmosphere of Paris, becomes hardened, and preserves forever the first impression.

Thus Matthew had brought with him, and maintained that careless idleness, and that nervous and instantaneous activity which characterise his race. If there was anything laborious to do in fine weather, the Parisian was sluggish, lazy, and taciturn ; but when the wind whistled and the thunder roared, it seemed as if the storm produced a reaction upon his irritable temperament, and centupled his strength and energy. In such times he was seen at the yard-arm in the post of danger, as cool and steady as an old sailor : but when the fine weather returned, he sunk into his former apathy, and became what he was before—what a Parisian always is and always will be—lazy, insolent, fond of bantering, because he possessed the vivacious and picturesque spirit of the Parisian populace, and cunning because he was not strong, although by his *gab* (let us be pardoned this vulgarity, for it alone can convey the meaning) he had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the crew, and even the captain himself.

No matter whether the Parisian was put in irons, sent up the shrouds, or started with a rope's end, he lost not a single joke, nor a single mouthful, nor was his sleep a wink less sound. He would take off every body ; the captain first, with his hoarse voice, his half-closed eye, and his favorite oath. The grey great coat and the oilskin hat were alone wanting to make the portrait perfect. Then the head cook had his turn ; his twisted leg and stupid stuttering were hit off with exquisite facility.

Then came the bacchanalian songs, and the romances, and fragments of comedies, melodramas, and comic operas, which Matthew gave out in broad and characteristic declamation, imitating the gestures and voices of the favorite Parisian actors.

Nobody could resist Matthew's fun. Everything was forgotten in listening to him ;—the helmsman steered wrong, nobody slept on board, the hammocks were deserted, and the open and simple countenances of the sailors might be seen, crouched in a circle around him, listening with imperturbable gravity to his readily-coined and most monstrous lies.

'As for Matthew, he continued to be astonished at nothing. The sailors had anticipated much from the effect which the sight of negroes, and palm trees and sugar-canes, and many things beside, would produce upon him. All this, however, had no effect. The eternal "that's nothing new," disconcerted all the sailors. Matthew had seen negroes at Robinson, palm trees at the Jardin des Plantes, had bought sugar cane on the Pont Neuf, and had actually made a small basket from a nut-shell for his mistress. What was to be done with so knowing and peculiar an organization? Be silent and admire; and that is what the astonished sailors did.

'It was on a Sunday. The *Charming Louisa*, generally freighted only to the West Indies, had, on this occasion, been freighted with a return cargo to Cadiz, for which port they sailed, on that day, in fine spirits.

'The Parisian, surfeited with the West Indies negro wenches and women of color, was not sorry for the change; and no sooner was the brig safely moored along-side the quay than Matthew, at a single bound, found himself on shore, with thirty francs in his pocket, a small-crowned and wide-brimmed straw hat upon his head, decked out in a pair of white trousers and a blue jacket with anchor buttons. His shirt collar was fastened by a clasp of American berries, a love present from a lady of Martinique.

'The Parisian was endowed with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and it enabled him to solve every difficulty, without exception of language or idiom.

'His method was, simply—whenever he asked an Englishman to direct him on his way, he would imitate, as nearly as he could, the ridiculous *patois* given to the English in the French plays. In addressing a German, his language underwent a slight modification, as it also did when he spoke to an Italian or an American. It is true that this method was not always successful; indeed, sometimes foreigners who would very probably have understood him, had he addressed them in proper French, could not comprehend his jargon. This he attributed to obstinacy, ill-breeding, or national jealousy; and it must be confessed, that Matthew Guichard never experienced that embarrassment and timidity generally felt by a foreigner in a country whose language he does not understand.

'Thus the Parisian walked on with as firm a step, and as little concern as if he had studied for seven years the grammar of Rodriguezy Berna at Badajos or Toledo.

'As Matthew advanced, the *coup-d'œil* pleased him. That animated multitude, those picturesque costumes, the men with small hats and long brown cloaks, the women with satin or silk shoes, those small feet, short petticoats, dresses fitting closely to the shape, and natural flowers scattered with so much taste among their dark and luxuriant hair—their gait, in short their walk, their *salero*,—all this excited the ardent attention of our hero, who mentally compared these beauties to the women of color in the West Indies.

'As he passed by a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he lifted up his eyes and perceived a female near the top, ascending the remaining steps with great rapidity. This rapid ascent enabled him to perceive a beautifully moulded leg, and Andalusian foot, which induced him to run up the steps himself, and overtake the fair lady who displayed such charms. As he possessed much more assurance than timidity, he, with great familiarity, approached the young girl—for she was a young girl, and a very pretty one too—and looking in her face, said, in a kind of French *patois*, which he made to resemble Spanish in sound as much as possible, 'Spanish girl, you are very beautiful!' The young girl, blushed, smiled, and doubled her pace.

'“Where the devil did I learn Spanish?” ejaculated the Parisian, certain of having been understood, and following with eager steps his new conquest.

'Just opposite to the Custom-house the lady descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, crossed the little square de la Torre, and entered an adjoining street.

'The Parisian, animated, exalted to enthusiasm, and delighted with his conquest, eagerly followed. He was just about to cross the street, when he heard a religious chant, and saw a long file of penitents issue from a neighboring street. At the head of the procession were borne lanterns, next banners, relics, shrines, and

flowers, followed by the Host. Next came the governor. In short, this was a solemn procession to ask Heaven for a little rain; for the drought was frightful in the year of grace 1729.

'The Parisian, instead of joining the multitude, uttered a dreadful oath, for the procession stopped the way, and he trembled lest he should lose sight of the black-eyed Andalusian girl. The populace bared their heads at the first sound of the rattle carried by a white monk, who led the way. But our friend Matthew kept his hat upon his head, raised himself on tiptoe, stretched out his neck, shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw nothing—neither the black mantle, nor the blue and white violets at the side of a head adorned with shining ebony hair. A grey monk approached, bearing a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He pointed to these figures with one hand, and with the other presented a money-box for the *souls in purgatory*.

'Everybody knelt; some gave money, others in whispers, pointed to the Parisian, who was leaning upon the back of the lanterned monk, and endeavoring thereby to raise himself, so that he might try to discover his fair Andalusian.

'At this moment a splendid shrine of gold, set with jewels, which contained the arm of St. Sereno, excited the general attention and respect of the multitude. Our hero alone, who had remained standing, interrupted the general silence by one of those cries peculiar to the populace of Paris, which are sometimes heard at the theatres of the Boulevards. The fact is, he thought he distinguished the black mantle and the blue and white violets, and he uttered a cry of recognition after his own fashion.

'This savage, guttural, and sacrilegious cry, made every one look up; and when it was seen that the Parisian had remained standing, with his hat on, before the arm of St. Sereno, there arose a murmur of indignation,—it was at first a low murmur, but it increased by degrees, like a storm getting to its climax, and when an air of imprudent and stern defiance was assumed by the Parisian, it burst forth with frightful energy. In the mean time the Host was advancing, with its fringes of gold reflecting the ardent beams of the sun, its waving plumes, and the voices of the monks of La Merced vigorously accentuating the beautiful poetry of the Bible. Time pressed;—the rash Parisian was determined in his resistance. He held his hat upon his head with both hands, and swore, with hideous blasphemies, that no one had a right to make him kneel against his will.

'The Host was close by; and a struggle having commenced between an athletic Andalusian and our friend Matthew, the latter sprung back to avoid a blow, and fell at the feet of the Archbishop, who was behind him, and accidentally received a rude shock. On seeing this, the multitude cried out, Sacrilege! Impiety! Down with the Frenchman! The tumult became dreadful, and, in spite of the intervention of the prelate, knives were drawn, and—but we draw a veil over the horrible end of the Parisian.

'The French Consul took up the matter, but as it was proved that the Parisian was the aggressor, the captain could obtain no redress.

'In bad weather the Parisian was not much regretted. But when the sea was calm, and the *Charming Louisa* performing quietly her six knots with a steady breeze, something was found wanting to the comforts of the crew; and the sailors used to point with regret to a hencoop upon which the Parisian always seated himself to tell his wonderful stories.

'Ever since his death this hencoop has been held sacred; and an artist among the crew has carved upon it two anchors, surmounted by a tobacco-pouch, and bearing the following motto, "*Parisian, how thou didst make us laugh!*"

'When Jean Guichard heard of his son's death, he wept a great deal, but at length consoled himself with the idea that Matthew had died neither a maccaroni priest nor a Jesuit.'

We shall continue our translations with a historical sketch of the Catcombs at Paris, from the pen of Nestor de Lamarque:—

THE CATACOMBS AT PARIS.

'These excavations, which were nothing more than quarries situated under faubourgs St. Germain and St. Jacques, have in our own times been put to religious uses. Numberless heaps of bones dug up from the churchyards in the interior of this immense metropolis, have been collected there; and walls built with these time-bleached remains of human organization, form a subterranean city. A black line drawn along the middle of the vaulted roof, serves to guide the living through its dreary and mysterious avenues. If you observed it not, you would be lost among the numberless and intricate roads which extend far beyond the living city.

'Three staircases lead to the catacombs. That at the *Barriere de l' Enfer*, offers in its name a remarkable coincidence with the place itself. To the right and left of the first gallery of the catacombs, are several other galleries which run under the Plain of Montrouge. Natural rocks are found at various distances from each other. The attention is sometimes arrested by picturesque and frightful ruins. Stalactites, or incrustations of alabaster, are produced by the infiltration of water. By following the gallery of the boulevard St. Jacques, you see the immense works of the Aqueduct of Arcueil, constructed in the reign of Louis XIII., and the buildings intended for the prevention of smuggling. To the south-west, the road through the double quarries corresponds with the old road to Orleans, termed the Hollow Road, and passes under the aqueduct of the Emperor Julian. The traces of a great people are everywhere to be seen.

'A fountain for the use of the workmen has been dug in the catacombs. The water which exudates from their dark recesses, and flows noiselessly into this fountain, disappears drop by drop in the surrounding gloom, like succeeding generations from the face of the earth.

'A fire in a vase of antique form burns ever, to purify the air. It is the watch-lamp of the dead, but it imparts no warmth to their ashes. A mineralogical collection offers to the curious, specimens of the strata of earth and stone which form the soil of these subterranean vaults. Before you come to the ossuaries, you have an opportunity of examining a *pathological museum*. Vain and idle study! it teaches only the vanity of human science!

'The vestibule of the Catacombs is octagonal. The gate is formed by two pillars surmounted with a poetical inscription. Further on, as you advance into this mute city in which thick walls of human bones represent streets and squares, and in which altars and obelisks alone speak the language of man, you find other inscriptions in different languages.

'In this place, at least, pride does not hover over annihilation, as in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. The oblivion of names distinguishes the Catacombs from every other receptacle for the dead. There is a universal equality.

'In 1777, buttresses and pillars were built to support the vaults, which had been long neglected, and houses had sunk into them, involving human life in their destruction. At the present day, each subterranean street corresponds with a street above, and both are marked with the same series of numbers; so that the point of danger may always be known below as well as above.

'The care of the catacombs was entrusted to special officers, and a company of engineers appointed to carry on the works necessary for security. Walls and counter-walls now give safety to the streets, which the increase of the metropolis made it necessary to build over these excavations, and which display all the gorgeousness of human grandeur suspended over an abyss.

'On the other hand, the immense deposits of the dead in the heart of the city, became the source of disease and corruption; and the alarmed inhabitants called loudly for a remedy. In the cemetery of the Innocents, which, during several centuries had been the only one in Paris, and had caused uneasiness even in 1554, the soil was raised to a height of more than eight feet above the neighboring streets and houses. At length, in 1785, a decree of the Council of State ordered the suppression of this cemetery, and the conversion of its area into a public square. On the 7th of April, 1786, the catacombs were consecrated with all the pomps and ceremonies of the Catholic religion. Thus, the same quarries which had supplied

the city of Paris with its foundation stone, opened a last asylum to the population of many centuries.

'The removal of the bodies from the cemetery of the Innocents, was succeeded by a similar removal from the churchyards of Saint Eustache and Saint Etienne-des-Grès. Every human fragment was piled up in this vast charnel-house, and received for a second time the honors of sepulture. But the revolution was soon destined to accumulate its victims there;—there were deposited the remains of those who fell in the different battles which took place in the heart of Paris, in 1788 and 1789, and at the Tuileries on the 10th of August 1792—and the bodies of those who were butchered in the prisons on the 2nd and 3d of September following. In the same year, the Convention decreed the suppression of all cemeteries in the interior of Paris. An ample repository for the dead then became more necessary than ever.

'From 1792 to 1808, the catacombs received the exhumations of twelve cemeteries;—from 1808 to 1811, all the bones discovered by fresh diggings in the old cemetery of the Innocents; at a latter period, those of the cemetery of the Isle of Saint-Louis;—and lastly, in 1813, those of the *Hôpital de la Trinité*. At first, funeral monuments were likewise carried to the catacombs, where they were ranged in order, round the principal entrance called the tomb of Isoire or Isouard, from the name of a famous robber who is said to have been killed and buried there. But they were destroyed in 1792 as objects of religious worship. Isoire's tomb, which belonged to the city of Paris, was sold as national property; and after changing owners ten times in the space of twenty years, was at last transformed into a *guinguette*, in the same manner as the cemetery of St. Sulpice was turned into a place of dancing, with the words *BAL DE ZEPHIRE*, in large letters placed just above the following pious inscription:—

Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes."

To the above, we add the following historical fragment from a paper entitled, '*L'Eglise des Petits Pères à Paris*,' by Madlle. Elise Voiar:—

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MEDECIS.

'When the Emperor Charles V. was only an Archduke, he, in a journey of pleasure to Italy, fell in love with a beautiful lady of that country, whose name, like that of most of his other mistresses, has not transpired. All that is known concerning her is, that she was of noble descent, and that had she given birth to a son, the Prince would have acknowledged him. She died, however, leaving only a daughter, whom Charles loved most tenderly, and had carefully educated.

'At fifteen, this daughter appeared at the court of Charles Sforza, whom Charles, then Emperor, had re-established in the Duchy of Milan. Here, her beauty and accomplishments attracted a host of admirers, and among them a young man of the house of Medecis, handsome and amiable, but without fortune. His family having been driven by factions from Florence, he had entered into the service of the Emperor. Although his humbled fortune allowed him not to aspire to the hand of so distinguished a lady as the Emperor's daughter, he could not refrain from paying her attentive homage, for which the numerous *fetes* afforded abundant opportunities. The lady, on her side, felt a reciprocal passion; but though she knew the secret of his birth, she dared not encourage the love she had inspired. She therefore, by a mixture of reserve and affability, endeavored to reconcile her secret feelings with what was due to her rank.

'At this period, Italy was devastated by war. Rome had just been sacked by the troops of the Emperor, who was irritated at the league which the Pope had formed against him, in conjunction with France, England, and the Princes of Italy, to expel him from the latter country. The youthful Medecis, forced to follow the fortunes of his relative Clement VII., took leave of her who was so dear to him, left Milan in a state bordering on despair, and joined the Pope, then a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. To the disgrace of the Christian world, the captivity of the head of the church lasted upwards of six months. At length, to obtain freedom and peace, Clement consented to the conditions imposed by Charles, and deputed his relative to bear his submission to the Emperor. Two years after, the

young Medecis was appointed plenipotentiary to treat with the Emperor on the subject of the alliance which Clement was about to form with him, and to obtain better conditions for the Roman States in the general peace.

The young Ambassador proceeded to Barcelona, whither the Emperor had brought his daughter. Here the lovers met for the first time after their long separation, during which they had remained faithful to each other. The lady now found means so to dispose the heart of her illustrious parent, that, either from extreme love for his daughter, or some political motives that have never transpired, Charles consented to their union. He immediately conferred upon the husband, the title of Duke, and restored him to the inheritance of his ancestors, by placing him at the head of the government of Florence.

So great and unexpected a happiness was too much for this amiable pair. They tasted its sweets without seeming to believe in their reality. Their bliss was beyond their powers of enjoyment—and an unaccountable heaviness of heart seemed to prognosticate that it could not last.

The cares of government kept the Duke several hours every day from the presence of his bride, and the latter, during her husband's absence, was overwhelmed with the most distressing forebodings. She was as much afflicted at this daily separation as if it were a real misfortune. Ever anxious, and in a state of excitement, the least noise threw her into an agony of fear. As the hostile party in the state had evinced great repugnance to receive the Pope's nephew as their master, the young Duchess constantly imagined that the poignard of one of the factious was about to be plunged into the Duke's bosom; and so powerfully was her mind acted upon by this idea, that she was often observed to start, scream, or groan, according as her imagination conjured up some dreadful picture of assassination.

One day a great noise was heard in the streets, and the unhappy Duchess fancied she distinguished the cries of *Carne! carne! Sangue! sangue!* which commonly accompanied popular insurrections in Italy. Wild with horror and alarm, and struck with the idea that her husband had fallen under the murderer's knife, she endeavored to rush towards the door, but fell senseless into the arms of her attendants.

The circumstance was immediately made known to the Duke, who was just leaving the council. Profoundly affected by such a proof of her love, but deploring its fatal effects, he hastened home. On entering her room, he found the women in tears, the physicians of the palace in mute consternation, and his lovely wife upon the bed, pale, motionless, and to all appearance dead. In reply to the inquiring glance which he cast around him, there was only a more violent paroxysm of tears on the part of the female attendants. He approached the bed, touched the white hands and kissed the cold cheek of her he adored, called her by the tenderest and most touching names, but she remained insensible to his caresses. Her lips were cold, her bosom motionless, and her heart had ceased to palpitate. The Duke uttered a fearful cry of despair, and fell fainting upon the body of his wife. For a long time, every attempt to restore them to life was of no avail. On a sudden, one of the Duchess' women thought of an expedient, which was to call with a loud voice close to the ear of her mistress—"Madam, madam, come to the assistance of His Excellence the Duke! He is dying, Madam! The Duke is dying!"

These terrible words were successful. The Duchess awoke from the lethargic convulsion which had held her faculties suspended; she opened her eyes, the blood again colored her cheeks, and her senses returned. She arose from the bed, and with unsteady footsteps approached the Duke, who was just then beginning to recover from his swoon. Joy spread through the palace; but that which the lovers themselves experienced was too pure to be manifested by noisy demonstrations. Both arose, and circling each other in their arms, descended to the chapel to thank Providence for their miraculous restoration to life. This event, however, by rendering them still dearer to each other, only increased the melancholy disposition of their minds. Both had a presentiment that they should not live long, and one morning the Duchess spoke thus to her husband.

"Do you not think, dearest husband, that we had better settle our affairs, and prepare, in a Christian-like manner, to meet that death which is certainly not far

off? My happiness is so complete and so intense that I shall always fear to lose it, until we have carried it to the sanctuary of another world. Let us dispose of our property in favor of the poor, place the government of your dominions in the hands of the elders of the republic, and then, free from anxiety, live solely for each other, until it shall please God to call us to him. And if in his goodness that be soon, so much the better, my own love, for we are too happy to remain upon earth! Bliss like ours belongs only to Heaven. But that our short lives may not pass without teaching a useful moral to the world, let us leave a great example of the vanity of that which is commonly called happiness. Let us show to what extent the desires of man, when gratified in this world, render him miserable, since we who are young, handsome, rich, powerful, loving and beloved, find not these blessings sufficient to prevent us from desiring death! Let us send for some skilful painter, who shall represent us in this our day of beauty, surrounded with all the splendor of our rank. Let a hundred thousand crowns be the price of these portraits, on condition that the same painted shall make two other portraits of us six weeks after our death, and faithfully depict us, such as we shall then be. Do you consent to this, dearest love?

'The Duke, acted upon by a like melancholy imagination, raised no objection to her singular proposal, which was in accordance with the exaggerated feelings of that age. They sought a painter of sufficient courage and ability to execute the intentions of the Duchess, and the choice fell upon Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto. This celebrated artist accepted the strange commission, and swore upon the Holy Evangelists to fulfil both the first and last part of it.

'The lovely Duchess who, since she had formed her determination, had renounced the splendor of rich attire, once again resumed her bridal robes. She adorned her person with gold and jewels and flowers; and insisted that her husband should also wear all the insignia of his rank and honors. Tintoretto painted them both.

'Scarcely were the portraits finished, and the preliminary measures taken for the new life the Duke and Duchess intended to lead, than the health of the latter, already feeble, suddenly declined, and her husband feared that her sad anticipations would soon be realised. And in truth, whether it was the result of an organic disease, or the consequences of an excited and overwrought mind, the Duchess died almost suddenly. Some moments before her death, unable to speak, she fixed a long and tender look upon her husband, extended her trembling hand towards him, and her fingers, already chilled by the approach of death, seemed to make him a mysterious sign.

'The Duke survived his wife only long enough to pay the last duties to her remains, and take measures for the execution of her dying wishes. He sent for the painter, and made him renew his promise, which Tintoretto religiously fulfilled.

THE PROPHECY OF A DAY.

By J. F. HOLLINGS.

NIGHT fades o'erpowered, with scattering fires her starry host has set,
Save one, whose golden lamp is bright with parting glories yet;
And, gleaming where the rifled clouds in sullen masses sleep,
Lo! Morning's young and fiery glance is on the waveless deep.

The deer has left the shadowy fern, the lark the rustling brake,
And lightly flies the freshening breeze o'er hill and reeded lake;
And, bosomed in the crimson rack, the lark has called from far,
Hyperion to his eager steeds and gem-encinctured car.

Hour of expectancy and hope, endeared and hallowed time,
When gladness walks the fragrant earth, and hails the dewy prime—

Unsoothed in heart I see thee rise with radiance on thy wings,
And other thoughts than those of peace that smile of promise brings.

I think of Life's stern wakened truths, with chilling power revealed;
And how the fairy dreams which mocked the slumberer's sight must yield;
And what shall fade and fail below ere Day's bright course is run,
And Eve throws wide her crystal gates before the unwearied Sun.

Morn with her wonted state shall pass, but mournfully to those
Who see but in that brightening ray the birth of many woes;
And Toil arouse the serf anew to curse the oppressor's chain;
And Slavery eye the sapphire vault and flowering earth in vain.

And many a slighted breast shall pine in anguish veiled and deep;
And many a widowed hearth behold the voiceless mourner weep;
And many a hoary head lament the blight of joys begun,
And bend beside the bier and cry, Alas! alas! my son.

Destruction with its lightning sweep, and war with tempest sway,
And Battle, whose accursed breath Despair and Wrath obey,
Shall meet amidst the light of steel with flaunting banners spread,
And beckon forth the vulture's brood to riot on the dead.

And Love, erewhile the child of heaven, unfettered and unsold,
Shall bow his thrall'd and sullied neck beneath the chain of gold;
And visions of enduring fame and honor's meteor light,
Fade like yon rent and scattered mist before the gazer's sight.

Oh! blind in sense and dull of heart! is this thy proffered speech?
Are these the thoughts that kindled sky and smiling ocean teach?
With chastened glance look up and view the page of heaven aright,
And learn a better, nobler truth from morn's arising light.

A day is born—a fount unsealed of new and joyous life;
A world restored, a scene revealed of that enduring strife,
Where angels from their thrones on high with eyes of love look down,
And Sorrow for its victor weaves a more enduring crown.

Or He, who dwells in light unscanned, whose name is Mercy still,
Through Time's interminable course awakening good from ill,
And shielding with a parent's care the life his wisdom gave,—
Say, is that ear too slow to mark, or arm too weak to save?

Enough, that to thy view once more the courts of day are spread—
Enough, that on thy favored brow the dews of peace are shed;
That thou art spared, thy thoughts afresh to loftier themes to raise,
And add at least one mortal voice to Earth's ascending praise.

AN OCCURRENCE AT SEA.

In June, 1824, I embarked at Liverpool on board the *Vibelia* transport with the head-quarters of my regiment, which was proceeding to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Our passage across the Atlantic was smooth, though long and tedious. After passing over the great bank of Newfoundland, catching large quantities of codfish and halibut, and en-

countering the usual fogs, we were one morning, about the end of July, completely becalmed. All who have performed a voyage, know the feeling of listlessness to which a landsman abandons himself during a calm. The morning was slowly passed in looking around for appearances of a breeze—whistling for a wind, and the other idle pursuits usual on such occasions. Towards noon, a sailor from aloft pointed out to our observation a vessel at a distance, also, of course, becalmed. All eyes and glasses were immediately directed towards her, but she was too far off for the most experienced to determine whether she was English or foreign, man-of-war or merchantman. After a time it occurred to me, that it was a favorable opportunity for breaking in upon the monotony of the day. My influence with our Captain obtained permission for the small cutter to be lowered, but he would not allow a single seaman to leave the ship. I therefore became coxswain of the boat, and, accompanied by four of my brother officers as rowers, we pushed off, determined to pay a visit to the strange sail. To our landsmen's eyes and judgment, she had appeared to be about four miles from us, but we found ourselves very much out in our calculation—it was more than double that distance. The rowers, however, pulled on bravely—we neared the stranger, making her out to be a large American merchantman, and as he was approached, we observed a number of persons on deck reconnoitring us through glasses. At length we were alongside, and I passed on board, followed by three of my companions, one remaining in charge of the boat. On reaching the deck, we found it crowded with men, who seemed to regard us with wondering looks. I stepped forward and was received by the Captain, who acquainted me that his vessel was the American ship *Cadmus*, on her passage from *Havre-de-grace* to New York, with General the Marquis de Lafayette and suite as passengers. A noble, venerable looking veteran advanced from the poop towards us, and offered his greetings with the courtesy of the old French school. He was Lafayette. My explanation of who we were, and of the motive of our visit, appeared to excite his surprise. That five officers of the land service, unaccompanied by a single sailor, should leave their vessel on the open ocean, and from mere curiosity, visit a strange sail at such a distance, was, he declared, most extraordinary. He said they had observed our ship early in the morning—had been occupied (like ourselves) in vain endeavors to make us out—had remarked an object, a mere speck upon the sea, leave the vessel and move towards them, and when at length it was made out to be a boat, the probable cause of such a circumstance had given rise to many surmises. I told him in mitigation of what he deemed our rashness, that we were, as a nation, so essentially maritime, that every man in England was more or less a sailor. At all events, I ventured to add, that if we had encountered some little risk, we had been amply repaid in seeing a man so celebrated, and of whom we had all heard and read. Our comrade being relieved by an American sailor in the care of the boat, we accepted the General's offer of refreshment, proceeded to the cabin, and passed a most agreeable hour. The fast approached of evening and appear-

ances of a breeze springing up induced us to take leave. We separated from the old chief, not as the acquaintance of an hour, but with all the warmth—the grasp and pressure of hands—of old friends. As I parted from him at the gangway, he mentioned having caused a case of claret to be lowered into our boat, which he begged us to present to our Colonel and the other officers of our mess. We pulled cheerily back, but it was not until long after dark that we reached the ‘Vibelia,’ and which we perhaps could not have accomplished, but for their having exhibited blue lights every few minutes to point out her position. We found our comrades had been in great alarm for our safety. Various had been the surmises. That we had boarded a pirate, and been sacrificed, or made prisoners, was most prevalent, and a breeze was anxiously prayed for, that they might bear down, and release or revenge us. Half an hour after we returned to our ship, a light wind sprung up, which very shortly freshened into a gale, so that in the morning we had completely lost sight of the ‘Cadmus.’

SERENADE.

AWAKE !—The starry midnight hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight :
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower ;
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight !
Awake ! Awake !
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Soft dews will soon arise
From dasied mead, and thorny brake ;
Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break !
Awake ! Awake !
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee :
Ah, come, and show the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hidest from me !
Awake ! Awake !
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Ne'er heed, though listening Night
Steal music from thy silver voice :
Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice !
Awake ! Awake !
She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake !

KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow !
He sat where no sun could shine ;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

There came to him many a Maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine ;
And Widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

The scholar left all his learning ;
The Poet his fancied woes ;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah !—Hurrah !
Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

LIFE.

WE are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
We love : we droop ; we die !
Ah ! wherefore do we laugh, or weep ?
Why do we live, or die ?
Who knows that secret deep ?
Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye ?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die ?

We toil,—through pain and wrong ;
We fight,—and fly ;
We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life ! is all thy song
‘ Endure and—die ? ’

THE SECRET LOVER.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JUAMI.

LIVES there the soulless youth, whose eye
That ruby tinted lip could see,
Nor long for thee to live or die?
How unlike me!

Or see that cheek's pomegranate glow;
Yet think of anything but thee,
Cold as that bosom heaving snow?
How unlike me!

Or see thee o'er the golden wire
Bend with such lovely witchery,
Nor feel each tone like living fire?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in the evening dance
Float, like the foam upon the sea,
Nor drink sweet poison from thy glance?
How unlike me!

Or hear thy hymn, at moonlight rise,
Soft as the humming of the bee,
Nor think he sits in paradise?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in thy simplest hour,
Sweet as the rose upon the tree,
Nor long to plant thee in his bower?
How unlike me!

But lives there one who vainly tries
To look the freest of the free,
And hide the wound by which he dies?
Ah! how like me!

THE OBEAH WOMAN.

A WEST INDIA NARRATIVE.

It was in the year 18— that I quitted England for the island of Antigua, my father, who was at the head of a mercantile house in this country, considering that a few months' local and practical knowledge of the state of society in the West Indies would better enable me to form a just estimate of the wants and condition of the colonies, than all the theoretical study that could be obtained in England. It was with these just views that he determined I should remain a year in the islands,

previous to my being admitted as a partner in the firm over which he presided.

On my arrival at Antigua, I took up my abode at the plantation-house of an old friend and correspondent of my father. He was a widower; his only daughter had for some years been sent to England for her education. I had seen her but once, and that was a few days previous to my departure, when my father had directed me to call, and offer my services in taking charge of anything which she might wish to send out to Antigua. I was then in all the haste of a young man embarking in life, and on board of a ship at the same time, and my subsequent recollection of her was merely that she was rather a pretty and elegant young person.

I had been about four months on the island, and had gained a very tolerable insight into the habits and peculiarities of the negroes, when the circumstances occurred which I am now about to relate: but I must first describe the plantation and its inhabitants. The plantation house was situated at the end of a ravine, in the hollow of which were the cane plantations, extending from the house to within a hundred yards of the sea. On one side, on the rising ground, and about a quarter of a mile from the plantation house, stood the cottages of the negroes, with their provision grounds, running back towards the hill as far as the industry of the possessors induced them to put the land into the tillage. The mills and sugar-works were down by the sea-side, where there was a small bay with a wooden pier run out into deep water, for the droghers to come along-side and receive the casks of sugar which were, in these vessels, carried round to St. John's, and transferred to West India ships waiting for their cargoes. It was an isolated beautiful spot. The negroes were contented and happy; I was constantly with them, and have, therefore, no hesitation in making the assertion. Sunday was their day of rest, or rather of pleasure, for they took no advantage of the former privilege. Before the sun had time to evaporate the dew-drops which glistened on the prickly pear-bushes, you would see them dressed in their smartest attire, loaded with the produce of their labor, gaily start off in a crowd to the market at St. John's, which is invariably held on the early part of that day. It was not only to sell their produce, but to meet their friends and supply their little wants, that they went to town. In the afternoon, most of them returned and attended the chapel, which was about two miles from the estate on the road to St. John's; the service being performed in the evening that it might be attended by the negroes after they had disposed of their produce.

Before I had been three months on the estate, I was acquainted with every negro upon the property, and many were the *ruses* employed by them to obtain from me some indulgence in the shape of rum, &c., when I went down in the evening to their cluster of cottages to witness their merriment—for seldom, if ever, did an evening pass away without their favorite amusement of dancing. There was one slave girl, about seventeen years old, who was considered the beauty of the plantation. I never could myself admire anything so decidedly black, but still I could not deny the extreme beauty of her teeth, the happy smile upon her face, and the neatness, as well as cleanliness, of her person and dress; her figure was perfection, and compared with her own race, she certainly was a beauty.

This girl was usually the delegate from the other slaves, when they would coax me out of an order for two or three bottles of rum, to enliven

their merriment—I might almost say, to enable them to keep it up; for although I seldom observed any sensible perspiration among the gang when they were at work, yet when they danced it was most profuse; it appeared as if they made a pleasure of labor and a labor of pleasure. Half the exertion employed in the field which they expended in their amusement, would have enabled them to have accomplished their tasks before the day was half over. This slave girl was the object of admiration of many a young Othello, but one appeared to me to be decidedly the favorite. This was John Pepper, a fine tall negro, about twenty-three years of age, with a humorous expression of countenance, which he seldom lost, except when flouted by his mistress; for it must not be supposed that there is any want of coquetry in the black damsels of Antigua. 'Eh! you tink I lub you now—keep you distance, Massa Pepper,' would often be the rebutt, accompanied with a scornful toss of the head, which John would receive when he too closely pressed his suit. Now whether it was that Sally Mango thought that I was partial to her, or whether she had first taken a fancy to me, I cannot pretend to say, but certain it was that by degrees she entirely broke off with Mr. John Pepper, and took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way. At this conduct John Pepper became sullen and unhappy. One day I accosted him, and asked when the marriage was to take place. 'So help me Gad, Massa Compton, me tink it nebbber take place while you here. When you go away back to your own country?'

'Not for some time, John; but what makes you think so?—you do not suppose I want to stand in your way?'

'Suppose then, Massa, no wish stand in my way, why always stand about negro hut? White gentleman nebbber come to negro hut.'

'I come down to negro huts because it amuses me to see you all so happy.'

'Me no happy, Sar,' replied Pepper, shaking his head, and looking fierce.

'Well, then, John, I'll try and make you so; tell me how I can assist you with Sally. If I can, I will with pleasure.'

'Suppose you really speak for true, Massa Compton, you do me much good. Massa Compton, you know dat dam old hag, Nelly, what you always give pistareen to,—she like you very much—me hear her say you real gentleman. Now, Massa Compton, tell old Nelly you wish Sally marry me, and then it all come true, sure as Gad Almighty in hebben.'

The old negress to whom Pepper referred, was perhaps one of the most miserable and disgusting objects that could be imagined. Her face was shrivelled up like a Norfolk biffin, her thin hair as white as snow, her eyes nearly closed with a running sore, her mouth toothless, her frame bone and skin, her hands withered, and her body trembling. She sat upon a large stone at the door of her hut during the greater part of the day, and muttering to herself as she basked in the sun. In fact, she appeared to be a remnant of existence, a thing alive and breathing, but nothing more. I seldom went down to the huts without putting into her hand a small piece of money, which she would receive with a nod of her head as her long fingers clasped over the gift.

'And how will she bring this to pass?' continued I.

'Massa Compton, I tell you,' replied Pepper, who was standing by me—and he leant down over the back of my chair, until his mouth was

close to my ear, and whispered—'Massa Compton—she great, very great Obeah woman.'

Of this I had not been aware—it was a secret which never would have been confided to me by any negro, but one so violently in love as John Pepper. Obeah practices are punished with severity when discovered, the power that those people have over the slaves being enormous. However, it was no affair of mine, and what was imparted in confidence I felt myself bound in honor not to reveal, and as I did wish to help John Pepper, I promised him that I would speak to old Nelly that evening.

As usual, I went down to the huts, and having, to escape observation supplied the negroes with some rum, as soon as they were in the frenzy of their dance, I slipped away to old Nelly, who was, as usual, seated on the stone, rocking her body gently to and fro. I put a dollar into her hand to propitiate my suit. She muttered something as she dropped it down her neck, and then, as if anticipating that my generosity implied a request, stretched out her long skinny throat towards me, as if to hear my petition. I made it in few words, and we separated after she had nodded her head to give me to understand that she comprehended my wishes. During the following week, I observed that Sally was thoughtful, and when I met her, avoided me with a reproachful look. Three weeks after my application to old Nelly, John Pepper and Sally were married, and John kissed my hand in gratitude as he requested me to honor the nuptial ceremony, which was performed by a missionary, who lived within three miles of us, and with whom I was well acquainted—a more simple, devout, worthy man, I believe never existed: he had been educated for the church, and had now continued in his vocation for more than forty years. Although he could seldom be persuaded to enter into society, he was a general favorite with the planters. He devoted himself to his calling; and if all the missionaries had been like him, to what a state of advancement the negroes would have by this time arrived! To the slaves, he was mild in his expostulations, adapted his language to their comprehension, won them by his kindness and cheerfulness, and would never admit them to the sacred rites of Christianity until he was persuaded that they understood the nature of their engagement.

As in the continuation of this narrative, the conduct of a missionary will afford much interest, I will take this opportunity of making a few remarks upon this class of persons, as they appeared to me during my residence in the West Indies.

It is a matter of deep regret, that a more careful selection is not made by those who appoint missionaries from the mother country. Such as I have described Mr. Wilson to be, (and there are many like him,) assist, and often set an example to ministers of the Established Church in their efforts to enlighten the negroes; but it appears to me, that there is no medium—either they are invaluable, or they are dangerous to society, from their over-zeal and precipitation. The religious enthusiasm which induces a man to devote his life to the extension of the gospel, often runs into extremes and becomes fanaticism. This is bad; but what is worse, with that fanaticism there is combined the jesuitical and dangerous creed—that the end justifies the means. Thus it is that we have two descriptions of missionaries in the Colonies—the one, which is the most rare, prepares the slave for emancipation—the other, tells him that he ought to be free; the one, that he must prove by his conduct that he is a Christian—the other, that he must only believe, and he is

saved. Unfortunately, one of the latter description will do more mischief in his own person than three of the former can remedy ; and thus it is, from the want of a careful selection by those who sent them out with the best intentions, the whole body of missionaries have been stigmatised as preaching rebellion and insubordination instead of those divine precepts which would render the negro content in that situation to which it pleased God to call him. It is easy to suppose that a negro, coarse in his appetites, and indolent in his nature, will more readily embrace the dogmas of him who preaches faith, yet permits immoral works, and who points out to the negro that he ought to be free, (which, with the negro, implies that he ought not to labor,) in preference to the creed of that religious and conscientious man who inculcates mortification of the grosser appetites, and diligence in their avocations. One fanatic will, therefore, carry away hundreds of proselytes from every conscientious teacher of the revealed religion. But to continue.

The marriage of Pepper and Sally had taken place about three weeks when Mr. L——, who had a commercial house, and spent a great portion of time at St. Johns, informed me that several missionaries had arrived in the ship from Liverpool, and that he understood that it was the intention that one should be established near the plantation. He appeared vexed at the circumstance, as the conduct of Mr. Wilson had obtained universal respect ; and he had been informed that those who had arrived were of a sect not very likely to assimilate with him in their communication with the slaves. What he reported was correct ; a day or two afterwards, as I sauntered past the huts, I perceived a white man in earnest conversation with the slaves. His appearance and dress at once told me who he was, but wishing to be certain, I walked up to him, and without ceremony, requested his name, and his reasons for appearing in the plantation.

‘My name is Saul Fallover,’ replied he, in a sanctified tone ; ‘my calling is of the Lord, to teach salvation to those poor deluded brethren.’

‘They attend Mr. Wilson,’ replied I, ‘who is a deputed minister of the gospel ; and obliged as we are to you for your good intentions, you will surely not interfere with the congregation of another preacher?’

‘I must obey the calling of the Lord,’ replied he ; ‘and heed not the scoffing of those who are not in Christ, or who seek not diligently.’ He then turned and walked away.

During our short conference, I had ample time for surveying his outward appearance. He was a very well looking man, with black hair combed flat on his forehead, dark eyes, pale complexion, large mouth, and splendid set of teeth. He was however maimed, having lost his left hand at the wrist, and by the manner in which his arm hung down, it appeared to have also suffered injury. I afterwards discovered that he had been a cotton-spinner at Manchester, and having lost his hand in the machinery, had turned methodist, as much for a livelihood as from a desire to extend the gospel. Amongst the slaves who had been listening to his exhortation was my friend John Pepper, who, turning round to me as soon as the missionary was out of hearing, said—‘Very fine man, Massa Compton,—talk all about grace, and faith, and the debil. He say, he come to my hut and show me new light.’

‘Take my advice, Pepper, and have nothing to do with ‘new lights ;’ and if he comes to your hut, tell him to go home again.’

Poor Pepper! he turned a deaf ear to my request. Mr. Saul Fallover

constantly attended at the huts of the negroes, and the effects of his discourses were soon visible—the joyous dance in a few weeks was exchanged for ‘holdings forth,’ and even at midnight the nasal hum of ‘praising the Lord’ was to be heard from one or more of the huts. But this was not all. I often overheard the negroes arguing upon emancipation and the right of obedience; and before Mr. Saul Fallover had been two months on the plantation, the chapel was deserted, Mr. Wilson unheeded, and the negroes insolent, idle, and unhappy. I no longer walked down in the evening to the huts, but remained at the plantation-house with Mr. L——, who was in a constant state of excitement and alarm from the alteration which had taken place in one of the best regulated and happiest plantations in Antigua.

It is necessary for the development of my story, that I here make a confession of conduct on my own part, which I shall not attempt to extenuate. I had formed an intimacy with one of the household slaves belonging to Mr. L——, a young creature, about seventeen, of the class called *Mustafina*. She would in England have been considered as little more than a brunette; her black hair was long and straight, and when the color mantled through her clear skin, she might be considered more than handsome. This class of Creoles are too proud of their color to mix with the negroes; the consequence is, that they are too often induced to form connexions with Europeans, who happen to be on the plantations. Maria, for such was her name, was strongly attached to me, and from her I often obtained important information. One day I was talking about the new missionary, and wishing him at the devil, when Maria replied,

‘Suppose you wish him at the devil, he very soon go, Edward, I know that.’

‘What makes you think so, Maria?’

‘I tell you—so long as he talk about faith and ’mancipation, all very well. Negro like to hear talk all ’bout that; but last night I go down, hear very fine sermon, and he talk about Obeah,—say Obeah very bad thing. Now that never do—old Nelly hear it all.’

‘Why old Nelly can’t hear a word, Maria.’

‘Not hear, Massa Edward—Nelly hear and Nelly see more than you think. Old Nelly never forgive that missionary man.’

‘What harm can she do him, Maria?’

‘Do—what harm do—do all—do every thing—make him die in one minute—make him die in one year—five year—just as old Nelly please.’

‘Indeed; by poison of course—but how can she give it to him without being found out?’

‘Found out,’ replied Maria; ‘what negro tell; what negro not do what Nelly say? Look, Massa Edward,’ continued she, opening my snuff-box, and taking out a very small pinch, which, as she dropped it on the table, she divided into three portions, and placed at a little distance from each other. ‘See, this one heap kill one year—two heap kill one month—three heap kill one hour—no matter how little—kill in time—man must die.’

‘But, Maria, you can only know this by hearsay.’

‘So help me, Heaven, Edward, it all true. My mother had some, and show it to me.’

‘What color is it, Maria?’

‘All same dust,’ replied she, pointing to the ground.

‘But, Maria, your mother has been dead these three years. What became of this poison?’

'How I know, Massa Edward,' replied she, coloring up, and shortly afterwards she quitted the room.

Mr. L—— had often told me that the negroes were acquainted with poisons of a most subtle nature, but that the Obeah people only know how to manufacture them. The surgeon who attended the estate, with whom I was on intimate terms, happened to call in a little while after this conversation, which I related to him. He confirmed the account, and told me many curious particulars relative to Obeah practices.

For many weeks the power of Mr. Saul over the negroes appeared to increase; they daily grew more discontented, and declared they were entitled to their freedom. All happiness had fled from the plantation. Mr. L—— was gloomy, the overseer alarmed, and the drivers had great difficulty in making the gangs perform their allotted tasks. One day I was sitting behind a row of prickly-pear bushes, which bordered the cane grounds, when the main gang, who were at work with their hoes, following each other in two lines, approached me, and I overheard the following conversation.

'Dat not de true faite,' cried one.

'Eh! you d—n nigger, what you know 'bout true faite?' replied another.

'What I know—I know dis: suppose 'em cut a man in half with cane knife, and he ab true faith, he make himself whole again, all same as before.'

'Well, nebber mind, next Kissmas, see what cane knife do. Recollect what Massa Saul say.' Here the negro sung in a low tone,

Kissmass come, then white man see,

Hal—le—lu—gar.

Ebery slave be then made free,

Hal—le—lu—gar.

'How many week fore Kissmas come?' said a voice which I knew to be that of John Pepper.

'Suppose 'stead you look ater Kissmass, you look ater you own d—n little wife, Sally,' cried one of the women. This remark occasioned a loud laugh through the whole gang.

'Massa Saul teach Sally de true faite,' observed another and a general laugh again succeeded.

By this time they had hoed up to the end of the row, within a few feet of where I remained concealed. A loud crack from the whip of the driver, who stood at some distance, and out of hearing, announced to the gang that their day's work was over. The negroes threw down their hoes, and sauntered back to their huts.

I now clearly perceived how matters stood; that the missionary was evidently exciting the slaves to rebellion, and in all probability had also encouraged the pretty Sally to incontinence. In the evening I walked down to the hut of John Pepper. He was sitting at the door, apparently in no pleasant humor. As I afterwards found out, he had for some time been taunted with his wife's infidelity, which latterly she had been careless of concealing. There was, perhaps, some extenuation to be offered for her, when it is considered, that she had married John Pepper more from fear of the Obeah woman than from any regard for him. She now had become strongly attached to the missionary, and very often remained with him until a late hour in the morning, regardless of the anger and jealousy of her husband.

'Well, John,' said I, 'how is your wife, Sally—is she at home?'

'No, Massa Compton,' replied he, sulkily; 'she go to missionary man—not come back yet.'

'Oh!' replied I, sarcastically, 'to learn the true faith, I presume.' The eyes of the negro flashed fire, and he ground his teeth, but made no reply. I must acknowledge that I was pleased with this decided proof of jealousy on the part of the husband, and hoped that the 'back-sliding' of the missionary might prove his ruin. I therefore continued—

'Sally is very handsome, John. I wonder that you trust her so much.'

'So help me God, Massa Compton, she no care for me, more than one pepper-corn. Dat d—n massa Saul—she lub him, she tell me so; and tell me she not lib with black nigger, like me;' and the poor fellow burst into tears.

I attempted to console him. In a few minutes he wiped his eyes, and looking fiercely, said,

'Nebber mind, me ab revenge when Kissmiss come.'

'Revenge when Christmas comes, Pepper; it's a long while to Christmas, and I am afraid that what you all expect at Christmas will not take place. The governor knows all about your intentions, and the troops are all ready.'

'Eh!' exclaimed the negro, astonished.

'Even so, Pepper; and I tell you so as a friend; you had better tell the others that they may give over their foolish ideas—that Mr. Saul has deceived you, and will bring you all into trouble.'

'How you know Massa Saul tell us?—dat a secret.'

'Yes, but secrets are found out; for instance, what took place between your wife and the missionary was a secret at first, but every body knows it now.'

'D—n um! dat no secret now,' replied John, pulling out a tuft of his woolly hair in his rage.

'If he was a good man, would he have taken Sally from you? Did he not preach to you that all that was wrong?'

'Yes, massa; he tell us dat all very bad; I see, what he tell all lie. But, Massa Compton, me tink go to Obeah woman, Nelly, she make Sally lub me again.'

'Well, you can try, Pepper.'

'Will you speak, Massa Compton? suppose you speak, Nelly, mind all you say.'

This I would not consent to; I knew what Pepper intended, which was, to ask for a love philter from the Obeah, in the efficacy of which, the negroes have the greatest faith. My first application for her interference in his behalf had not been productive of happiness; and in this instance I considered it would be disreputable. I had great cause afterwards to rejoice that I did not, or I should have been, to a certain degree, accessory to the tragical events which occurred in consequence of the second application to the Obeah woman. I hardly need observe, that I did not, until some time afterwards, become acquainted with the circumstances which I shall now relate.

It was not until a fortnight after this conversation that Pepper applied to the Obeah woman; and at that time a remarkable coincidence took place. Mr. Wilson, to whom it had been satisfactorily proved that Mr. Saul Fallover had disgraced his profession by his connexion with Pepper's wife, considered it his duty to call and expostulate with him upon his conduct. This he did, and so effectually, that Mr. Fallover ac-

knowledgeed his error, and promised immediately to break off the connexion. Whether it was that Mr. Saul had become tired of her sable charms, or, what would be more charitable to suppose, that he was really moved by the exhortations of Mr. Wilson, and afraid of the scandal which had been bruited, certain it is, that the very next day he desired Sally not to come near him again. The poor girl's attachment by this time amounted to infatuation, and imagining that his rejection of her proceeded from indifference, she determined upon applying to old Nelly for the very same charm, to revive the love of the missionary, which her husband wished to obtain to revive her love for him. Sally was the first who requested the assistance of the Obeah woman, and obtained from her a promise of what she desired. On the following evening her husband applied to the Obeah woman, and made a similar request, stating to old Nelly, that the missionary had taken away his wife. When Pepper left off speaking, the old woman sawed her body to and fro on the stone for some time, musing and muttering. She then rose, hobbled into the hut, and in a short time re-appeared, holding in one hand a calabash, in which the draught for Sally to give the missionary had been prepared, and in the other an Obeah horn. She again sat down on the stone, placed the calabash on the ground before her, and the Obeah horn between her knees, muttering as she removed from it small bunches of parrot's feathers, teeth of men and animals, and sundry other supposed charms. At last she drew forth a bit of rag, carefully tied up, and fumbling at it some time with her trembling fingers, succeeded in detaching the thread. Out of this rag she took a small quantity of powder, and motioning to Pepper to hold out his hand, laid it on the palm and pointed to the calabash, that he should drop it in. He did so; the old woman waved her hand for him to depart, and held up three fingers as a signal that in three days he was to come again. Sally, who had been appointed to call that very evening for her philter, came soon afterwards, received the calabash, and retired.

The next day an express was sent to the surgeon of her plantation, requesting his immediate attendance, as Mr. Fallover was alarmingly ill. The surgeon obeyed the summons, but on his arrival he found that the missionary was nearly dead. In two hours he expired. A dispatch had been sent off to Mr. Wilson at the earnest request of the sufferer, but before Mr. Wilson could arrive, all was over. The unfortunate man was in too great pain to be able to speak. But once only did he say to the surgeon in detached words, as he held up the stump of his left arm, 'When, I lost this, I lost my livelihood—and my poor—miserable—soul.' As the surgeon decidedly asserted that he had fallen a victim to poison, and the rupture between him and Sally was as well known as their previous intimacy, she was immediately taken into custody by the authorities. The poor girl acknowledged that she had found means to administer to him a love philter, procured from old Nelly, and her frantic grief at his death convinced the magistrates that she had been made an instrument to the vengeance of old Nelly against the missionary, for his having preached against the practice of the Obeah. The old woman was ordered to be brought before the magistrates on the ensuing morning, although they were aware that there was little chance of her making a confession. They were however saved the trouble of examination, as when the hut was entered, she was found dead. Whether she had died a natural death, or had destroyed herself, it was impossible to say, although to all appearance the former appeared to have been the case.

After the missionary was dead, Sally, who was discharged, returned to her husband, and during my stay on the island I never heard that she had behaved herself improperly. The negroes also, again under the influence of Mr. Wilson, gradually returned to their cheerfulness and former obedience, although it was a long while before they could forget the lessons which they had received on the subject of true faith and emancipation.

My narrative would now conclude, were it not that I have a little episode to tell relative to myself. I had remained some months longer at the plantation, and was seriously thinking of taking my passage for England, when Mr. L—— informed me that he expected his daughter to return by the next ship, and that he hoped that I would be present at the happy meeting. I consented to remain, and in due course of time Miss L—— arrived, and was welcomed at the plantation. Her appearance gave a fillip to the usual monotony of a colonial residence, and there was a general rejoicing. If I thought her a pretty, elegant girl at our casual and hasty meeting, my late seclusion, and the contrast of her pure red and white, hitherto not affected by the climate, with the variety of shades of color which latterly I had witnessed in the female face, made me wonder at my former blindness to her personal charms. In a week I was desperately in love, and having no rivals, was perhaps as much indebted to that circumstance as to any advantages of my own for a favorable reception. Before the first month had passed I had offered, and had been accepted by the daughter, and heartily congratulated by the father.

I have mentioned in my narrative, that I had imprudently formed a connexion with a young house slave of the name of Maria; and the reader must naturally be prepared to hear, that as my feelings warmed towards my new attachment, so did they cool towards her.

At the first suspicion, the poor girl tried every art which her fondness could suggest to secure my fidelity. She took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way, and exhausted her various arts of pleasing. So jealously did she watch me, that I seldom could be alone with Miss L—— without her interruption, upon one excuse or the other. At last she taxed me with desertion, to which I pleaded not guilty, pointing out the necessity of my paying some attention to the daughter of the house. I confess that I was moved by the poor girl's tears, which proved the sincerity of her attachment; but what love can be lasting which is not founded upon respect for the individual? I daily became more assiduous to Miss L——, and more careless of showing my indifference to Maria. One day she came into my sitting-room, apparently determined to come to an explanation.

At first, she looked mournfully at me, the tears gathering in her eyes; but her countenance soon changed. Coloring deeply, she advanced with a proud step.

'Mister Compton, I ask you but one question—only one; which you mean to have, Miss Laura or Maria?' And she panted to suffocation as she ceased to speak.

'I cannot imagine, Maria, that you have any right to ask that question.'

'I have right, Mister Compton, all the right woman can have; and I must have answer.'

'Well, then,' replied I, with a selfish disregard to her feelings, for

that very morning I had offered, and had been accepted by her rival; 'since you must have an answer, Maria, although I think you very pretty, and am fond of you, I do not think you are fit to be my wife, and therefore I shall marry Miss L——.' Maria looked at me as I made this heartless reply, and for some minutes appeared fixed as a statue; then, as if her strength had been taken away by sudden paralysis, fell down upon the floor. I hastened to raise her, shocked at the event; she was insensible, and the blood flowed in torrents from her nose and mouth. I called for assistance, and she was removed to her own bed. The surgeon who attended, immediately informed me that she had broken a blood-vessel, and inquired of me how the accident had been occasioned.

As I was on terms of great intimacy, I candidly acknowledged the circumstances, and at the same time my prospect of union with Miss L——.

'Mr. Compton, you must allow me to offer you my advice; that girl will be up and well in a fortnight. The rupture of a blood-vessel in this climate is not so serious an accident as in a colder country; but even if she were not able to get up, your life is in jeopardy. Do you recollect the conversation you repeated to me that you had with her, relative to the Obeah poison?'

'Perfectly well; and also that when I asked what had become of what was in her mother's possession, she gave me no satisfactory reply.'

'She has it in her possession, you may depend upon it; and what is more, will make use of it. You must immediately acquaint Mr. L—— with the whole particulars.'

'Impossible,' replied I, 'how could I make such a confession to the father of Miss L——? I never could persuade myself to acknowledge my folly to him.'

'Then to be candid with you, I must; for not only your life, but that of Miss L—— is in danger; and should any unfortunate result occur, I never could forgive myself. You must see, yourself, the propriety of the step, for the girl must be removed.'

After much persuasion on his part, I consented that he should make Mr. L—— acquainted with the whole transaction. Mr. L——, who was as much alarmed for the safety of his daughter and for mine, as the surgeon, had a careful watch upon Maria until she was well enough to be removed. He then sent her off to an estate on the other side of the island. Before she had proceeded a mile on her journey, she asked leave to dismount from the mule, and sitting on the side of the road, requested the man who had her in charge to pluck her a banana, from a tree which grew on the road side. He did so—she peeled, broke it, and ate it, and then laid down on the ground. Her attendant requested her to rise and proceed, but she refused, saying, 'No—I die here.' In a few minutes she expired, and the remains of that powder which she had stated to me to have been in the possession of her mother, was found in a small piece of paper, lying by her side.

I hardly need observe, that this tragic event was a source of deep regret, although it proved the wisdom of the surgeon's precautions. My narrow escape at the time that I was about to close a wild career, and about to enter into a new and better life, was long the subject of serious reflection, and has I trust, assisted, with the example and affection of my wife, in reforming a character not naturally vicious, but too easily led into error and indiscretion.

PETER SIMPLE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

Now that I have been on board about a month, I find that my life is not disagreeable. I don't smell the pitch and tar, and I can get into my hammock without tumbling out on the other side. My messmates are good-tempered, although they laugh at me very much; but I must say that they are not very nice in their ideas of honor. They appear to consider that to take you in, is a capital joke; and that because they laugh at the time that they are cheating you, it then becomes no cheating at all. Now I cannot think otherwise than that cheating is cheating, and that a person is not a bit more honest, because he laughs at you in the bargain. A few days after I came on board, I purchased some tarts of the tumbowt woman, as she is called; I wished to pay for them, but she had no change, and very civilly told me she would trust me. She opened a narrow book, and said that she would open an account with me, and I could pay her when I thought proper. To this arrangement I had no objection, and I sent up for different things until I thought that my account must have amounted to eleven or twelve shillings. As I promised my father that I never would run in debt, I considered that it was then time that it should be settled. When I asked for it, what was my surprise to find that it amounted to 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* I declared that it was impossible, and requested that she would allow me to look at the items, when I found that I was booked for at least three or four dozen tarts every day, ordered by the young gentlemen 'to be put down to Mr. Simple's account.' I was very much shocked, not only at the sum of money which I had to pay, but also at the want of honesty on the part of my messmates; but when I complained of it in the berth, they all laughed at me.

At last one of them said, 'Peter, tell the truth; did not your father caution you not to run in debt?'

'Yes, he did,' replied I.

'I know that very well,' replied he: 'all fathers do the same when their sons leave them; it's a matter of course. Now observe, Peter; it is out of regard to you, that your messmates have been eating tarts at your expense. You disobeyed your father's injunctions before you had been a month from home; and it is to give you a lesson that may be useful in after life, that they have considered it their duty to order the tarts. I trust that it will not be thrown away upon you. Go to the woman, pay your bill, and never run up another.'

'That I certainly shall not,' replied I; and as I could not prove who ordered the tarts, and did not think it fair that the woman should lose her money, I went up and paid the bill, with a determination never to open an account with any body again.

But this left my pockets quite empty, so I wrote to my father, stating the whole transaction, and the consequent state of my finances. My father, in his answer, observed that whatever might have been their motives, my messmates had done me a friendly act; and that as I had lost my money by my own carelessness, I must not expect that he would allow me any more pocket-money. But my mother, who added a postscript to his letter slipped in a five-pound note, and I do believe that it was with my father's sanction, although he pretended to be very angry at my forgetting his injunctions. This timely relief made me quite comfortable again. What

* Continued from p. 71.

a pleasure it is to receive a letter from one's friends when far away, especially when there is some money in it!

A few days before this, Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, ordered me to put on my side-arms to go away on duty. I replied, that I had neither dirk or cocked hat, although I had applied for them. He laughed at my story, and sent me on shore with the master, who bought them; and the first lieutenant sent up the bill to my father, who paid it, and wrote to thank him for his trouble. That morning, the first lieutenant said to me, 'Now, Mr. Simple, we'll take the shine off that cocked hat and dirk of yours. You will go in the boat with Mr. O'Brien, and take care that none of the men slip away from it, and get drunk at the tap.'

This was the first time that I had ever been sent away on duty, and I was very proud of being an officer in charge. I put on my full uniform, and was ready at the gangway a quarter of an hour before the men were piped away. We were ordered to the dock-yard to draw sea stores. When we arrived there, I was quite astonished at the piles of timber, the ranges of storehouses, and the immense anchors which lay on the wharf. There was such a bustle, every body appeared to be so busy, that I wanted to look every way at once. Close to where the boat landed, they were hauling a large frigate out of what they called the basin; and I was so interested with the sight, that I am sorry to say I quite forgot all about the boat's crew, and my orders to look after them. What surprised me most was, that although the men employed appeared to be sailors, their language was very different from what I had been lately accustomed to, on board of the frigate. Instead of damning and swearing, every body was so polite. 'Oblige me with a pull of the starboard bow hawser, Mr. Jones.'—'Ease off the larboard hawser, Mr. Jenkins, if you please.'—'Side her over, gentlemen; side her over.'—'My compliments to Mr. Tompkins, and request that he will cast off the quarter check. Side her over, gentlemen, side her over, if you please.'—'In the boat there, pull to Mr. Simmons, and beg he'll do me the favor to check her as she swings. What's the matter, Mr. Johnson?'—'Vy, there's one of them ere midshipmites has thrown a red hot tater out of the stern-port, and hit our officer in the eye.'—'Report him to the commissioner, Mr. Wiggins; and oblige me by under-running the guess-warp. Tell Mr. Simkins, with my compliments, to coil away upon the jetty. Side her over, side her over, gentlemen, if you please.'

I asked of a bystander who these people were, and he told me they were dock-yard mateys. I certainly thought that it appeared to be quite as easy to say, 'If you please,' as 'D—n your eyes,' and that it sounded much more agreeable.

During the time that I was looking at the frigate being hauled out, two of the men belonging to the boat slipped away, and on my return they were not to be seen. I was very much frightened, for I knew that I had neglected my duty, and that on the first occasion on which I had been entrusted with a responsible service. What to do I did not know. I ran up and down every part of the dock-yard, until I was quite out of breath, asking every body I met whether they had seen my two men. Many of them said that they had seen plenty of men, but did not exactly know mine; some laughed, and called me greenhorn. At last I met a midshipman, who told me that he had seen two men answering to my description on the roof of the coach starting for London, and that I must be quick if I wished to catch them; but he would not stop to answer any more questions. I continued walking about the yard until I met twenty or thirty men with grey jackets and breeches, to whom I applied for information; they told me that

they had seen two sailors skulking behind the piles of timber. They crowded round me, and appeared very anxious to assist me, when they were summoned away to carry down a cable. I observed that they all had numbers on their jackets, and either one or two bright iron rings on their legs. I could not help inquiring, although I was in such a hurry, why the rings were worn. One of them replied that they were orders of merit, given to them for their good behavior.

I was proceeding on very disconsolate, when, as I turned a corner, to my great delight I met my two men, who touched their hats and said they had been looking for me. I did not believe that they told the truth, but I was so glad to recover them that I did not scold, but went with them down to the boat, which had been waiting some time for us. O'Brien, the master's mate, called me a young sculpin, a word I never heard before. When we arrived on board, the first lieutenant asked O'Brien why he had remained so long. He answered that two of the men had left the boat, but that I had found them. The first lieutenant appeared to be pleased with me, observing, as he said before, that I was no fool, and I went down below overjoyed at my good fortune, and very much obliged to O'Brien for not telling the whole truth. After I had taken off my dirk and cocked hat, I felt for my pocket handkerchief, and found it was not in my pocket, having in all probability been taken out by the men in grey jackets, who, in conversation with my messmates, I discovered to be convicts condemned to hard labor for stealing and picking pockets.

A day or two afterwards, we all had leave from the first lieutenant to go to Portdown fair, but he would only allow the oldsters to sleep on shore. We anticipated so much pleasure from our excursion, that some of us were up, and went away in the boat sent for fresh beef. This was very foolish. There were no carriages to take us to the fair, nor indeed any fair so early in the morning; the shops were all shut, and the Blue Posts, where we always rendezvoused was hardly opened. We waited there in the coffee-room, until we were driven out by the maid sweeping away the dirt, and were forced to walk about until she had finished, and lighted the fire, when we ordered our breakfast; but how much better would it have been to have taken our breakfast comfortably on board, and then to have come on shore, especially as we had no money to spare. Next to being too late, being too soon is the worst plan in the world. However, we had our breakfast, and paid the bill; then we sallied forth, and went up George Street, where we found all sorts of vehicles ready to take us to the fair. We got into one which they called a dilly. I asked the man who drove us why it was so called, and he replied, because he only charged a shilling. O'Brien, who had joined us after breakfasting on board, said that this answer reminded him of one given to him by a man who attended the hackney-coach stands in London. 'Pray,' said he, 'why are you called Waterman?' 'Waterman,' replied the man, 'vy, sir, 'cause ve opens the hackney-coach doors.' At last, with plenty of whipping, and plenty of swearing, and a great deal of laughing, the old horse, whose back curved upwards like a bow, from the difficulty of dragging so many, arrived at the bottom of Portdown hill, where we got out, and walked up to the fair. It really was a most beautiful sight. The bright blue sky, and the colored flags flapping about in all directions, the grass so green, and the white tents and booths, the sun shining so bright, and the shining gilt gingerbread, the variety of toys and variety of noise, the quantity of people and the quantity of sweetmeats; little boys so happy, and shop people so polite, the music at the booths, and the bustle and eagerness of the people outside, made my heart quite jump.

There was Richardson, with a clown and harlequin, and such beautiful women, dressed in clothes all over gold spangles, dancing reels and waltzes, and looking so happy! There was Flint and Gynge, with fellows tumbling over head and heels, playing such tricks—eating fire, and drawing yards of tape out of their mouths. Then there was the Royal Circus, all the horses standing in a line, with men and women standing on their backs, waving flags, while the trumpeters blew their trumpets. And the largest giant in the world, and Mr. Paap, the smallest dwarf in the world, and a female dwarf, who was smaller still, and Miss Biffin, who did everything without legs or arms. There was also the learned pig, and the Herefordshire ox, and a hundred other sights which I cannot now remember. We walked about for an hour or two seeing the outside of everything: we determined to go and see the inside. First we went into Richardson's, where we saw a bloody tragedy, with a ghost and thunder, and afterwards a pantomime, full of tricks, and tumbling over one another. Then we saw one or two other things, I forget which, but this I know, that generally speaking, the outside was better than the inside. After this, feeling very hungry, we agreed to go into a booth and have something to eat. The tables were ranged all around, and in the centre there was a boarded platform for dancing. The ladies were there all ready dressed for partners; and the music was so lively, that I felt very much inclined to dance, but we had agreed to go and see the wild beasts fed at Mr. Polito's menagerie, and as it was now almost eight o'clock, we paid our bill and set off. It was a very curious sight, and better worth seeing than anything in the fair: I never had an idea that there was so many strange animals in existence. They were all secured in iron cages, and a large chandelier, with twenty lights, hung in the centre of the booth, and lighted them up, while the keeper went round and stirred them up with his long pole; at the same time he gave us their histories, which were very interesting. I recollect a few of them. There was the tapir, a great pig with a long nose, a variety of the hipostomass, which the keeper said was an amphibilious animal, as couldn't live on land, and *dies* in the water—however, it seemed to live very well in a cage. Then there was a kangaroo with its young ones peeping out of it—a most astonishing animal. The keeper said that it brought forth two young ones at a birth, and then took them into its stomach again, until they arrived at years of discretion. Then there was the pelican of the wilderness, (I shall not forget him,) with a large bag under his throat, which the man put on his head as a night-cap; this bird feeds its young with its own blood—when fish are scarce. And there was the laughing hyena, who cries in the wood like a human being in distress, and devours those who come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature, as the keeper observed. There was a beautiful creature, the royal Bengal tiger, only three years old, what grewed ten inches every year, and never arrived at its full growth. The one we saw, measured, as the keeper told us, sixteen feet from the snout to the tail, and seventeen feet from the tail to the snout; but there must have been some mistake there. There was a young elephant and three lions, and several other animals, which I forget now, so I shall go on to describe the tragical scene which occurred. The keeper had poked up all the animals, and had commenced feeding them. The great lion was growling and snarling over the shin bone of an ox, cracking it like a nut, when by some mismanagement, one end of the pole upon which the chandelier was suspended fell down, striking the door of the cage in which the lioness was at supper, and bursting it open. It was all done in a second; the chandelier

fell, the cage opened, and the lioness sprung out. I remember to this moment seeing the body of the lioness in the air, and then all as dark as pitch. What a change! not a moment before all of us staring with delight and curiosity, and then to be left in darkness, horror and dismay! There was such screaming and shrieking, such crying, and fighting, and pushing, and fainting, nobody knew where to go, or how to find their way out. The people crowded first on one side, and then on the other, as their fears instigated them. I was very soon jammed up with my back against the bars of one of the cages, and feeling some beast lay hold of me behind, made a desperate effort, and succeeded in climbing up to the cage above, not however without losing the seat of my trowsers, which the laughing hyæna would not let go. I hardly knew where I was when I climbed up; but I knew the birds were mostly stationed above. However, that I might not have the front of my trowsers torn as well as the behind, as soon as I gained my footing I turned round, with my back to the bars of the cage, but I had not been there a minute, before I was attacked by something which digged into me like a pickaxe, and as the hyæna had torn my clothes, I had no defence against it. To turn round would have been worse still; so after having received above a dozen stabs, I contrived by degrees to shift my position, until I was opposite to another cage, but not until the pelican, for it was that brute, had drawn as much blood from me as would have fed his young for a week. I was surmising what danger I should next encounter, when to my joy I discovered that I had gained the open door from which the lioness had escaped. I crawled in, and pulled the door too after me, thinking myself very fortunate; and there I sat very quietly in a corner during the remainder of the noise and confusion. I had not been there but a few minutes, when the beef-eaters, as they were called, who played the music outside, came in with torches and loaded muskets. The sight which presented itself was truly shocking; twenty or thirty men, women, and children, lay on the ground, and I thought at first the lioness had killed them all, but they were only in fits, or had been trampled down by the crowd. No one was seriously hurt. As for the lioness, she was not to be found; and as soon as it was ascertained that she had escaped, there was as much terror and scampering away outside, as there had been in the menagerie. It appeared afterwards, that the animal had been as much frightened as we had been, and had secreted herself under one of the waggons. It was some time before she could be found. At last O'Brien, who was a very brave fellow, went a-head of the beef-eaters, and saw her eyes glaring. They borrowed a net or two from the carts which had brought calves to the fair, and threw them over her. When she was fairly entangled, they dragged her by the tail into the menagerie. All this while I had remained very quietly in the den, but when I perceived that its lawful owner had come back again to retake possession, I thought it was time to come out; so I called to my messmates, who with O'Brien were assisting the beef-eaters. They had not discovered me, and laughed very much when they saw where I was. One of the midshipmen shot the bolt of the door, so that I could not jump out, and then stirred me up with a long pole. At last I contrived to unbolt it again, and got out, when they laughed still more, at the seat of my trowsers being torn off. It was not exactly a laughing matter to me, although I had to congratulate myself upon a very lucky escape; and so did my messmates think, when I narrated my adventures. The pelican was the worst part of the business. O'Brien lent me a dark silk handkerchief, which I tied round my waist, and

let drop behind, so that my misfortunes might not attract any notice, and then we quitted the menagerie; but I was so stiff that I could scarcely walk.

We then went to what they called the Ranelagh Gardens to see the fireworks, which were to be let off at ten o'clock. It was exactly ten when we paid for our admission, and we waited very patiently for a quarter of an hour, but there were no signs of the fireworks being let off. The fact was, that the man to whom the gardens belonged, waited until more company should arrive, although the place was already very full of people. Now the first lieutenant had ordered the boat to wait for us until twelve o'clock, and then return on board; and as we were seven miles from Portsmouth, we had not much time to spare. We waited another quarter of an hour, and then it was agreed that as the fireworks were stated in the handbill to commence precisely at ten o'clock, that we were fully justified in letting them off ourselves. O'Brien went out and returned with a dozen penny rattans, which he notched in the end. The fireworks were on the posts and stages, already, and it was agreed that we should light them all at once, and then mix with the crowd. The oldsters lighted cigars, and fixing them in the notched end of the canes, continued to puff them until they were all well lighted. They handed one to each of us, and at the word we all applied them to the match papers, and soon as the fire communicated, we threw down our canes and ran in among the crowd. In about half a minute, off they all went in the most beautiful confusion; there were silver stars and golden stars, blue lights and Catherine-wheels, mines and bombs, Grecian fires and Roman candles, Chinese trees, rockets and illuminated mottoes, all firing away, cracking, popping, and fizzing, at the same time. It was unanimously agreed that it was a great improvement upon the intended show. The man to whom the gardens belonged ran out of a booth where he had been drinking beer at his ease, while his company were waiting, swearing vengeance against the perpetrators; indeed, the next day he offered fifty pounds reward for the discovery of the offenders, but I think that he was treated very properly. He was, in his situation, a servant of the public, and he had behaved as if he was their master. We all escaped very cleverly, and taking another dilly, arrived at Portsmouth, and were down to the boat in good time. The next day I was so stiff and in such pain that I was obliged to go to the doctor, who put me on the list, where I remained a week before I could return to my duty. So much for Portdown fair.

It was on a Saturday that I returned to my duty, and Sunday being a fine day, we all went on shore to church with Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant. We liked going to church very much; not, I am sorry to say, from religious feelings, but for the following reason:—the first lieutenant sat in a pew below, and we were placed in the gallery above, where he could not see us, nor indeed could we see him. We always remained very quiet, and I may say very devoutly, during the time of the service, but the clergyman who delivered the sermon was so tedious, and had such a bad voice, that we generally slipped out as soon as he went up into the pulpit, and adjourned to a pastry-cook's opposite, to eat cakes and tarts and drink cherry brandy, which we infinitely preferred to hearing a sermon. Some how or other, the first lieutenant had scent of our proceedings; we believed that the marine officer informed against us, and this Sunday he served us a pretty trick. We had been at the pastry-cook's as usual, and as soon as we perceived the people coming out of church, we put all our tarts and sweetmeats into our hats, which we then slipped on our heads, and took our sta-

tion at the church-door, as if we had just come down from the gallery, and had been waiting for him. Instead, however, of appearing at the church-door, he walked up the street, and desired us to follow him to the boat. The fact was, he had been in the back-room at the pastry-cook's, watching our motions through the green blinds. We had no suspicion, but thought that he had come out of church a little sooner than usual. When we arrived on board and followed him up the side, he said to us, as we came on deck,—‘Walk aft, young gentlemen.’ We did; and he desired us to ‘toe a line,’ which means to stand in a row. ‘Now, Mr. Dixon,’ said he, ‘what was the text to-day?’ As he very often asked us that question, we always left one in the church until the text was given out, who brought it to us in the pastry-cook’s shop, when we all marked it in our bibles to be ready if he asked us. Dixon immediately pulled out his bible where he had marked down the leaf, and read it. ‘O! that was it,’ said Mr. Falcon; ‘you must have remarkable good ears, Mr. Dixon, to have heard the clergyman from the pastry-cook’s shop. Now, gentlemen, hats off, if you please.’ We all slid off our hats, which, as he expected, were full of pastry. ‘Really, gentlemen,’ said he, feeling the different papers of pastry and sweetmeats, ‘I am quite delighted to perceive that you have not been to church for nothing. Few come away with so many good things pressed upon their seat of memory. Master-at-arms, send all the ship’s boys aft.’

The boys all came tumbling up the ladders, and the first lieutenant desired each of them to take a seat upon the carronade slides. When they were all stationed, he ordered us to go round with our hats and request their acceptance of a tart, which we were obliged to do, handing first to one and then to another until the hats were all empty. What annoyed me more than all, was the grinning of the boys at their being served by us like footmen, as well as the ridicule and laughter of the whole ship’s company, who had assembled at the gangway.

When all the pastry was devoured, the first lieutenant said, ‘There, gentlemen, now that you have had your lesson for the day, you may go below.’ We could not help laughing ourselves, when we went down into the berth. Mr. Falcon always punished so good-humoredly, and in some way or the other his punishments were connected with the description of the offence. He always had a remedy for everything that he disapproved of, and the ship’s company used to call him Remedy Jack. I ought to observe, that some of my messmates were very severe upon the ship’s boys after that circumstance, always giving them a kick or a cuff on the head, whenever they could, telling them at the same time—‘There’s another tart for you, you whelp.’ I believe if the boys had known what was in reserve for them, they would much rather have left the pastry alone.

GREEN ROOM.

A GREEN ROOM, when the performers are assembled, dressed for their respective parts, is a striking scene, and has a singular effect on a stranger. It is a scene in which much character is displayed, as well as assumed. There, very often, feuds are fomented, and the train fired, which, when it explodes, shakes the theatre like an earthquake, and after all expires in smoke. In a theatre, as in a ship, it is impossible to avoid contact; hence, in both cases, are disagreements so frequent, and their effects so painful. The most virulent foes must often go hand in hand on the stage, looking like doves, while they feel like dragons; must meet in the cordial embrace with apparent pleasure, when they would rather start from the uncongenial contact with undisguised disgust. Still worse—how often, when sinking under the pressure of domestic calamity, does the assumption of the scene demand a flow of hilarity from an aching heart; and the hollow mockery of mirth sound upon the lips that only wait the fall of the curtain to quiver again with grief! As nothing destroys scenic illusion more than admission behind the scenes, so would nothing disarm the severity of criticism sooner than insight of the performer's mind. It is the unfortunate penalty attached to all mental pursuits, that the fire essential to their exercise is perpetually exposed to be dimmed or extinguished by the casualties of daily life. But who that sits in judgment on an artist ever takes this into account? The circumstances in which humanity is placed continually call for allowance; but when has humanity consideration enough to make it? We make the most insatiate demands on those that administer most to our enjoyment, forgetting the reaction consequent on strong excitement; forgetting that the over-tasked nerve will at times lose its tension, and that the minds capable of the highest elevation are also accessible to the deepest despondency. Thus it will ever be while all that is noble in our nature is bartered, at a ruinous valuation, for bread. The rich have a right to what they pay for; and as for the considerations and allowances just alluded to, why—'they are not in the bond.'

The profession of the stage promises more than it pays. Its trappings and tinsel, like the gewgaws of military array, have lured many into its ranks, who discover to their surprise it is a severe service; disappointment is often felt as defeat; partial failure as final overthrow; the discouraged become as unjust to themselves as the severest of their judges; they lose the energy of hope and faith in their own powers, and thus doom them to deterioration or destruction. Lowered by the loss of self-esteem and obscured prospects, less legitimate means are sought to sustain life and stimulate vanity, and thus the moral and mental energies become a wreck beyond the hope of revival. Without incurring the charge of partiality, I think I may say, that there is infinitely more *profondeur* in the English, than in the French character: especially is this observable in comparing the *women* of the two countries. Yet have French women an elastic and continued energy that, in all the active pursuits of life,

give them the advantage. Where lies the secret of this? Is it beyond our attainment? Among the advantages of the intercourse of nations is the discovery of national peculiarities, both in ourselves and others; for without intercommunion we are as unconscious of our own as of theirs. The means of comparison thus afforded should lead us to search into the causes of existing differences, and, as far as might be, to relinquish defects and adopt improvements. In this manner English and French women might reciprocate advantages. It is one of the brightest points of our moral and intellectual advancement that narrow national prejudices are becoming obsolete—I do not despair of even ‘the Celestial Empire’ yet sharing its conscious excellence with sister nations.

But I must go back to the Green-room—the motley crowd with which it is peopled turns the contemplative mind to the drama of real life, and it feels how true is the parallel often drawn between the world and the stage. To the eye accustomed only to the sober livery of every day life, how striking is the effect of the Green-room, peopled with the assumptions of ‘gorgeous tragedy,’ grotesque pantomime, and the varieties of costume, from the Eastern magnificence of the solemn Turk, to the picturesque garb of the gallant Highlander. Here I will take an opportunity to remark, that I have found a general impression prevail that stage dresses were made up of shreds and patches, and that what was unworthy to appear elsewhere was quite good enough for the stage. So little is this the case, that a theatrical wardrobe is a valuable property, and the necessity of possessing an exclusive one, forms one of the heavy calls on the funds of the professor. As there is no situation in which a fine form appears to more advantage than on the stage, so nowhere is perfection of dress more requisite; the strong lights from the foot lamps, as well as from the wings, demand this, if the eye of taste would escape being offended. The peasant girl may skip about in a stuff petticoat, with a rose or a ribbon in her hair; but the woman of fashion must move in satin and crape, and her plume, when she wears one, be no less real than that which nods on the brow of beauty at the Opera, or floats above it in the assembly.

Unity, that general concordance and accordance of all the parts of a whole, is as essential as proportion to beauty; of this unity, with a rare exception now and then, the English stage is destitute. Properties are often used, and subordinate characters dressed and filled in a manner that harmonises so ill with the principal parts, that pain and disgust *will* intrude and spoil the pleasure awakened by the better and more beautiful portions of a performance. In this respect also we might take a hint from our continental neighbors. Good taste and good feeling are in strict alliance—they never offend against each other. In every subject I contemplate, whether passing or important, whether low or lofty, all lead me to feel that every good is based on ‘*reverence for humanity*,’ that reverence which, even in trifles, renders us incapable of violating its dignity in ourselves, or offending against its dignity in others.

BABYLON IS FALLEN !

FALLEN is stately Babylon !
 Her mansions from the earth are gone.
 For ever quench'd, no more her beam
 Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.
 Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled—
 All, save her very name, is dead ;
 And the lone river rolls his flood
 Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden East ! afar
 Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star ;
 Till God, by righteous anger driven,
 Expell'd thee from thy place in Heaven.
 For false and treacherous was thy ray,
 Like swampy lights that lead astray ;
 And o'er the splendor of thy name
 Roll'd many a cloud of sin and shame.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,
 Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines :
 Priest, censor, incense—all are gone
 From the deserted altar-stone.
 Belshazzar's halls are desolate,
 And banish'd their imperial state ;
 Even as the pageant of a dream
 That floats unheard on Memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon ! and o'er
 The silence of her hidden shore,
 Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,
 Hath Mystery waved his awful wings.
 Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,
 Or angels' more pervading ken,
 The ruin'd city lies—unknown
 Her site to all, but God alone.

 THE DUKE DE REICHSTADT'S FIRST INTERVIEW
 WITH HIS GRAND-FATHER, THE EMPEROR FRANCIS II.

A TRAVELLER plainly dressed, and unattended, but whose air and manner bespoke him a man of rank, was seated in the common room of the Golden Sun, a tavern at Rambouillet, on the 15th of April 1814 ; when a stripling of an interesting appearance entered, and drawing the host on one side, spoke to him with earnestness, bursting at the same time into tears.

Pity made the traveller forgetful of etiquette ; he approached the young

man, saying in a kind tone, 'What is the matter, Sir, why do you weep?'

'Let him alone,' said the host, 'The poor fellow is one of the Empress's pages, and he cries like a child, because they will not permit him to take a last look at his mistress: they will not suffer one of the Imperial household to approach her.'

The stranger made no reply, but he kept his eye fixed upon the page. In a few minutes, the latter departed, and our traveller followed, in the intention of consoling him. In effect he had, he believed, a means of entering the apartments of Marie Louise, and he meant to make the stripling the companion of his expedition. But in turning the corner of a street, he lost sight of him, and he pensively pursued his way to the château, reflecting on the vicissitudes of empires.

A master key admitted him to the gardens of the château. He stood for a moment contemplating a child who was playing with the sand in one of the walks. A lady was at some distance from him in a travelling dress, she was walking slowly and pensively: it was evident she was in tears. The lady looked up, the traveller saw he was discovered; he apologised for his intrusion, and offered to retire. The Comtesse de M. lady of honor to the Empress, would not permit it. 'Ah! Sir,' said she, 'talk not of etiquette in such a day as this; it is not you, nor such as you whom we would exclude. We are too happy to see a friendly face—to find a heart a little touched at our misfortunes. But time presses—tell me, I beseech you, if you know aught of the future prospects of my unfortunate mistress.'

The stranger tried to predict something consoling; he spoke cautiously, it was evident that he only allowed himself to look on the favorable side. The lady answered his arguments only with her tears. 'Yes, yes,' said she at length, 'they will separate us, and that child, that poor child, will be sent to die at Vienna.'

The child approached. The magnificence of his dress bore no testimony to his fallen fortunes; it was ornamented with brilliant buttons, brandeburghs, and the most expensive furs; his little hands were full of sand.

'Poor Angel!' said the governess. 'One would almost think, Sir, that he has had all this morning a presentiment of his misfortune: he is so sad. He repulsed one of our ladies very rudely. I said to him: 'You are no longer a king, Sire, and you ought to be polite to everybody.' He looked at me for a long time: recollecting myself, I called him Monseigneur; he burst into tears.'

The stranger gazed earnestly on that child, whom he beheld as he then feared, for the last time. His high forehead, and the fair curling locks which did not cover it, belonged to Marie Louise; but the chin, and above all, the eyes were those of Napoleon.

'He is a glorious creature,' said the stranger with a deep sigh; 'it will cost you dear to part with him. If Madame, under the circumstances, I dared to ask you——'

'To embrace him? Ah, Sir, pity for his fate would at this moment give that right to every Frenchman.'

The stranger stooped, the prince gravely presented him his little hand to kiss. Too deeply moved to think about etiquette, the stranger caught the little potentate in his arms, and imprinted upon his blooming cheek a kiss of unfeigned affection.

At that moment, the noise of a carriage entering the great gates of the château, made the lady of honor turn pale. The traveller assisted her to carry the prince round to the principal entrance. As they reached it, they saw three officers of the Holy Alliance descend from a plain carriage. At the same instant, the ex-Empress appeared at the head of the grand staircase, followed by some of her attendants. The child, who directly drew the attention of the visitors, burst into a laugh, and pointed with his finger at the eldest of the gentlemen, who advanced towards him.

He was a tall meagre personage, with a long narrow visage and powdered hair. He was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian officer, white lined with red, a black stock, and a cocked hat with a plume of black cocks' feathers. He stooped to embrace the young eaglet, who threw himself back, and screaming with anger, returned the caresses of his admirer, by the most vehement struggles to get away from him. Talk of the voice of Nature! it is evident that she is sometimes silent; for it was the grandfather of the illustrious child—it was Francis II. who embraced him.

One of the Emperor's attendants advanced; he was a man of about forty, of a slender and graceful figure, and a countenance which, without being handsome, was rather attractive, particularly when he smiled. 'Metternich,' said the Monarch in an embarrassed tone, 'take charge of this urchin.'

As he approached the staircase where his daughter waited to receive him, Francis turned towards his other attendant; one of his Chamberlain's and Field-Marshal of the Empire. His left eye was covered with a bandeau, very unlike that of Cupid, notwithstanding which, he was destined to console the widow of Napoleon le Grand.

'A little spoilt, Albert,' said the Emperor, 'it is generally the case with only sons.'

It was the Comte de Neipperg, who bowed as the Emperor addressed him.

VISIT TO THE EDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

I HAD read Smeaton's account of the Edystone, and the difficulties and dangers he encountered while superintending its construction, and I felt an ardent desire to visit a spot where the genius and indefatigable zeal of a great man so happily combined at once to bestow a valuable blessing on posterity, and leave a lasting monument of his own fame. I ar-

rived at Plymouth early in August, a season in which a tranquil sea may be expected: yet the weather had been for some time boisterous, and I was fearful of success in attempting an excursion to the Edystone.

The position of the rock, exposed as it is to the unbroken swell of the Atlantic, renders it extremely difficult to land at the house; and a traveller who is intent on visiting this solitary abode, may perform many unsuccessful voyages, even when the weather is most serene; for the swell at the lighthouse is frequently an undulation proceeding from causes not apparent on the spot, and often depends more on the winds that may chance to prevail at a distance in the channel, or even in the Atlantic, than on the state of the weather near shore. It may appear strange to a person who has never been at sea, that there should ever be rough water without wind; but the fact is, that in the ocean, or any open sea, the undulation produced by a distant gale extends far beyond the region of the wind that causes it; and it frequently happens that a gale is preceded by a heavy swell for twenty-four hours or more. Thus it is that the fineness of the weather in the neighborhood of Plymouth is often no criterion by which the tranquillity of the sea at the Edystone can be ascertained.

It is necessary, in visiting the lighthouse, to be conducted by persons who are well acquainted with the rocks and the precautions to be used on landing.

The boats employed about the harbors of Plymouth are badly calculated for anything beyond the limited service for which they are destined; and as it would not have been agreeable to have proceeded so far to sea in a small open boat, I took the opportunity of going out by the Edystone Tender, a sloop of thirty tons, kept for the service of the lighthouse, with orders to supply the inmates with *fresh* provisions, at least twice a week, whenever the weather is sufficiently fine to allow a boat to land. This service is, however, chiefly confined to the summer months; and such is, at times, the difficulty of access to the house, that, in the winter of 1828, thirteen weeks elapsed without a single opportunity of communicating with the light-keepers.

I left Catwater at seven o'clock, on a morning by no means promising for such an excursion; and though our little vessel appeared to sail tolerably well, it was afternoon before we had a distinct view of the lighthouse. The gentle breeze, though contrary to our course, would long before have brought us to the object of my curiosity, but for a long ground-swell, that rolled towards shore, not like the ruffled surface of a narrow channel, but the lengthened undulation of an ocean. As we proceeded slowly onwards by short tacks, the sea opposing the bows, and the rolling of the vessel shaking the little wind there was out of her sails, I thought of Smeaton, and the many tedious voyages he performed, when carrying on a work for which his name will ever be illustrious in the annals of science, philanthropy, and courage; and if one day seemed tiresome to a traveller whose only interest was to gaze at the production of so great a genius, how much more tedious must have appeared the many weeks, and even months, lost by its founder in his protracted, and often fruitless excursions to the then houseless rock. It was past four when we arrived within half a mile of the rocks, and the swell had abated to a degree I could not have imagined possible in so short a time. It was nearly flood, and the long chain of rocks which forms the principal reef was all above water. On the highest rock, at some distance from this chain, stands the house, and beyond it a smaller reef, with a conical de-

tached rock between them. Smeaton's description of the spot had indeed delighted me ; but the Edystone must be seen before one can fully feel the merit of its founder. The distant land was obscured by heavy rain, and the sharp blue line of the horizon everywhere defined and void of objects, save where the lighthouse rose, in solemn majesty, from the very surface of the sea. On a rock scarcely larger than its base, and entirely covered at high-water, with eleven miles of sea between it and the nearest land, exposed to all the fury of Atlantic seas, yet firm as its rocky foundation, in proud defiance of its powerful assailant, stands the graceful building! Painting may represent the scene in part, but what art can portray the wide expanse that everywhere surrounds the spectator?

The tide had now turned favorable to our course, and we rapidly advanced towards the house. When within two hundred yards, the boat was brought alongside, and, the casks of water and provisions being put into it, we rowed off.

The light-keepers had for some time perceived our approach, and, before we arrived, the crane was in readiness to hoist the casks to the store-room on the second floor ; the door below was opened, and the steps put down to the highest point of the rock. One of the men descended with a short ladder to enable us to ascend the vertical face of the rock beneath—a height of about eight feet from the water.

We proceeded to the channel at the back or land side of the rock. The short ladder was fixed to irons placed for the purpose, and we ascended to the flat surface by the side of the house. A narrow slippery path, not a foot broad, cut into steps, leads round the rock to the ladder of the door, with an ascent of about eight feet more. The ladder itself is thirteen feet long, and is jointed, so that, when pulled up, it lies in the narrow passage to which it leads. The reason for placing the door so high appears to have been to provide a mass of solid masonry at the bottom of the building, and perhaps to prevent the possibility of invasion by pirates, who might be anxious to recruit their stock of provisions. The arrangement of the house itself is so completely detailed in Smeaton's work, that any description would be superfluous ; and I shall confine myself to such observations as conduce, either to confirm the just conceptions of its founder by the silent testimony of years, or relate to alterations which experience has suggested.

Three men constantly reside in this place of true retirement. The eldest, who is styled Captain, has been there seventeen years ; and it appears that, though they have liberty to remain on shore each a month at a time at intervals in the year, they gradually lose all inclination to leave the house, and feel that their residence on shore constantly makes them ill—an effect probably arising from the irregularities of living, scarcely separable from a removal to the pleasures of society after extreme retirement. Each man has a salary amounting to nearly 80*l.* a year, besides provisions and a bottle of porter every day. The house is constantly furnished with three months' provisions of salt meat, biscuit, and water, and an additional supply of one hundred pounds of beef. There is likewise a stock of five hundred gallons of oil for the lights. When the house was first built, the light consisted of twenty-four tallow candles, placed without reflectors. It must have been a very inefficient light, and extremely troublesome to the men, who were required to snuff the candles every half hour ; but as candles were found to yield less soot than common lamps, they proved the best method of lighting then known. The invention of the Argand lamp was a valuable discovery for light-

houses ; and about thirty-eight years ago that lamp was introduced in the Edystone, the North and South Forelands, and many other lights. The lamps were placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector of twenty-one inches diameter, plated with silver, which projects a cylinder of light with surprising intensity. At first, a lens of the same diameter as the reflector was placed opposite each light in the window of the lantern ; but subsequent experience proved, that though in certain points of the horizon the light was more intense, yet it was less generally diffused, so that it often happened that a distant vessel, unless in the axis of a lens, did not see the light at all: the lenses have been therefore removed in all the light-houses for some years. In the Edystone there were twenty-four Argand lamps, disposed in three circles over each other, but at present there are only sixteen ; one row having been removed, I rather think, merely on the score of economy.

The external stone-work of the Edystone is, generally, as perfect as when it was finished ; and the cement which unites the stones, so far from exhibiting any marks of decay, actually stands forward beyond the surface of the stone, with a calcareous incrustation ; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that, in the very few instances in which the persons intrusted with the care of the structure have had occasion to perform some trifling repairs, the Roman cement has been resorted to for the purpose, and found inferior in its adhesive powers to the cement originally employed by Smeaton. The lower part of the building is so overgrown with green slimy weed, that the base appears as if it were a continuation of the rock itself.

Having spent nearly an hour in conversing with the men who thus voluntarily give up all the advantages we hold most dear to this brief period of our existence, and doom themselves to a seclusion, than which human invention could not picture a more dreary punishment for an unhappy criminal, I left the house, not a little gratified that the weather had permitted me to inspect one of the most glorious achievements of ancient or modern architecture.

It is a singular coincidence but rarely found in art, that in the Edystone, the form which alone could ensure stability is at once the most beautiful that could have been imagined for such a structure. The curved outline, gracefully diminishing upwards, and surmounted by the curved cornice, produces an effect that it would have been in vain to attempt with the regularity of straight lines, and the usual routine of angular projections.

Many views have been given of this curious building ; but too many of them have been little more than imitations of the frontispiece to Smeaton's work, which represents the morning after a storm, with the sea rising in a cone, and burying the lighthouse entirely within it. The print is so badly executed, that it almost stamps the mark of impossibility on a circumstance, in itself sufficiently extraordinary, if portrayed by the most careful observer of natural effects. It was, however, dictated by one who had seen more of the place than any person then or now living ; and though the appearance of the sea may be as much like anything else as water, yet we are compelled to believe, from circumstances themselves, that the sea does occasionally mount as high as is there represented. The glass in the lantern, though strong plate, has been more than once broken by its assaults, and the inhabitants drenched by the water which entered in consequence.

The stability of this edifice naturally excites our admiration—but it

is a feeling not unmixed with awful reflection. Well might Smeaton say, that 'He only who first created the atoms, can ascertain what is the full extent of those powers that may possibly be combined towards the destruction of the mass.' True, he could submit to no calculation the powers against which he contended; but he did what human genius could perform, and his labor was not in vain. The building stands: long may it remain fast as the granite rock that bears it high above the flood!

IMPROVED RAW SUGAR.

'CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in the market by the introduction of an improved native raw sugar, which portends very great advantages to all who are engaged in this so long unprofitable branch of colonial and commercial intercourse. It is pure raw sugar, obtained direct from the cane-juice, without any secondary process of decolorisation or solution, and by which all necessity for any subsequent process of refining is entirely obviated. It is obtained in perfect pure transparent granular crystals, being entirely free from any portion of uncrystallisable sugar or coloring matter, and is prepared by the improved process of effecting the last stages of concentration in vacuum, and at a temperature insufficient to produce any changes in its chemical composition; the mode of operation first proposed by the late Hon. Ed. Charles Howard, and subsequently introduced, with the most important advantages and complete success, into the principal sugar-refineries of Great Britain.

'By this improved and scientific process of manufacture, the application of which to the purpose of preparing raw sugar from the cane-juice has now first been proposed, the most singular advantages are secured to the planter, in an increased quantity of sugar, the product of his operation, and in saving from the immense quantity of deteriorated material, uncrystallisable sugar and molasses which were products of the former mode of operation, from the intense and long-continued degree of heat employed in the processes. The time and labor of the operation are also greatly decreased; the apparatus possesses the power to make double the quantity in the same space of time as the old method, and this is ready for shipment in four days, in lieu of three weeks, as heretofore. The sugar likewise readily commands an advanced price in the market to the planter of ten or twelve shillings per cwt.

'This improved sugar readily ensures a preference for all purposes of manufactures, solution, or domestic economy. It is a purer sweet, and of a richer mellifluous taste than even the best refined;

it is not apt to become ascescent in solution ; and from its superior quality, it well answers all purposes of the table. In the manufacture of rum for the molasses, which are separated during the first process of the operation, there is no danger of deterioration in the production of empyreuma, and a far purer spirit is obtained than that made from ordinary molasses.

‘This improved process is now in complete and successful operation on eight estates in Demerara. The general introduction of the process is considered by the best practical judges to ensure certain means of revivifying the spoiled fortunes of the planters, and to open a new era in the prosperity of those portions of the British crown, of which this forms the principal staple commodity of support.’

With this communication we have received a small canister of the commodity referred to, which certainly recommends it strongly to our favorable report. It so nearly resembles pounded sugar-candy, that we should have taken it for that article in a very pure state, but for the accompanying explanation, and also, for a plan and description of the apparatus by which it is produced. We have seen nothing for a long time in trade more worthy of attention ; and if it be substantiated that this improvement will tend to relieve the suffering interests of our West India colonies, it will indeed prove a national as well as a commercial benefit.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON,
BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. 11.*

‘May 23d, 1832.

‘MY DEAR LORD,

‘I THOUGHT that I *had* answered your note. I ought, and beg you to excuse the omission. I should have called, but I thought my chance of finding you at *home* in the environs, greater than at the hotel. * * * *

I hope you will not take my *not* dining with you again after so many dinners, ill ; but the truth is, that your banquets are too luxurious for my habits, and I feel the effect of them in this warm weather, for some time after. I am sure you will not be angry, since I have already more than sufficiently abused your hospitality. * * *

* I fear that I can hardly afford more than ten thousand francs for the steed in question, as I have to undergo considerable

* Continued from p. 103.

expenses at this present time, and I suppose that will not suit you. I must not forget to pay my Irish Subscription. My remembrances to *Miledi*, and to Alfred, and Miss P——. Ever yours,

‘NOEL BYRON.’

‘May 24th, 1823.

‘MY DEAR LORD,

‘I find that I was elected a Member of the Greek Committee in March, but did not receive the Chairman’s notice till yesterday, and this by mere chance, and through a private hand. I am doing all I can to get away; and the Committee and my friends in England seem both to approve of my going up into Greece; but I meet here with obstacles, which have hampered and put me out of spirits, and still keep me in a vexatious state of uncertainty. I began bathing the other day, but the water was still chilly, and in diving for a Genoese *lira* in clear deep water, I imbibed so much water through my ears, as gave me a *megrim* in my head, which you will probably think a superfluous malady.

‘Ever yours, obliged and truly,

‘NOEL BYRON.’

In all his conversations relative to Lady Byron, and they are frequent, he declares that he is totally unconscious of the cause of her leaving him, but suspects that the ill-natured interposition of Mrs. Charlemont led to it. It is a strange business! He declares that he left no means untried to effect a reconciliation, and always adds with bitterness, ‘A day will arrive when I shall be avenged. I feel that I shall not live long, and when the grave has closed over me, what must she feel?’ All who wish well to Lady Byron must desire that she should not survive her husband, for the all-atoning grave that gives oblivion to the errors of the dead, clothes those of the living in such sombre colors to their own too late awakened feelings, as to render them wretched for life, and more than avenges the real or imagined wrongs of those we have lost forever.

When Lord Byron was praising the mental and personal qualifications of Lady Byron, I asked him how all that he now said agreed with certain sarcasms supposed to bear a reference to her, in his works. He smiled, shook his head, and said they were meant to spite and vex her, when he was wounded and irritated at her refusing to receive or answer his letters; that he was not sincere in his implied censures, and that he was sorry he had written them; but notwithstanding this regret, and all his good resolutions to avoid similar sins, he might on renewed provocation recur to the same vengeance, though he allowed it was petty and unworthy of him. Lord Byron speaks of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, constantly, and always with strong expressions of affection; he says she is the most faultless person he ever knew, and that she was his only source of consolation in his troubles on the separation.

Byron is a great talker, his flippancy ceases in a *tete-a-tete*, and he

becomes sententious, abandoning himself to the subject and seeming to think aloud, though his language has the appearance of stiffness, and is quite opposed to the trifling chit-chat that he enters into when in general society. I attribute this to his having lived so much alone, as also to the desire he now professes of applying himself to prose writing. He affects a sort of Johnsonian tone, likes very much to be listened to, and seems to observe the effect he produces on his hearer. In mixed society his ambition is to appear the man of fashion, he adopts a light tone of badinage and persiflage that does not sit gracefully on him, but is always anxious to turn the subject to his own personal affairs, or feelings, which are either lamented with an air of melancholy, or dwelt on with playful ridicule, according to the humor he happens to be in.

A friend of ours, Colonel M——, having arrived at Genoa, spent much of his time with us. Lord Byron soon discovered this, and became shy, embarrassed in his manner, and out of humor. The first time I had an opportunity of speaking to him without witnesses was on the road to Nervi, on horseback, when he asked me, if I had not observed a great change in him. I allowed that I had, and asked him the cause; and he told me, that knowing Colonel M—— to be a friend of Lady Byron's, and believing him to be an enemy of his, he expected that he would endeavor to influence us against him, and finally succeed in depriving him of our friendship; and that this was the cause of his altered manner. I endeavored, and at length succeeded, to convince him that Colonel M—— was too good and honorable a man to do anything spiteful or ill-natured, and that he never spoke ill of him; which seemed to gratify him. He told me that Colonel M——'s sister was the intimate and confidential friend of Lady Byron, and that through this channel I might be of great use to him, if I would use my influence with Colonel M——, to make his sister write to Lady Byron for a copy of her portrait, which he had long been most anxious to possess. Colonel M——, after much entreaty, consented to write to his sister on the subject, but on the express condition that Lord Byron should specify on paper his exact wishes; and I wrote to Lord Byron to this effect, to which letter I received the following answer. I ought to add, that in conversation I told Lord Byron, that it was reported that Lady Byron was in delicate health, and also that it was said she was apprehensive that he intended to claim his daughter, or to interfere in her education: he refers to this in the letter which I copy.*

Talking of literary women, Lord Byron said that Madame de Staël was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. 'She declaimed to you instead of conversing with you,' said he, 'never pausing except to take breath; and if during that interval a rejoinder was put in, it was evident, that she did not attend to it as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted.' This observation from Byron was amusing enough, as we had all made nearly the same observation on him, with the exception that he listened to, and noticed, any answer made to his reflections. 'Madame

* Here follow the letters in Moore's Journal, p. 644-6.

de Staël,' continued Byron, 'was very eloquent when her imagination warmed, (and a very little excited it;) her powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised; her language was recondite, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant, there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavored to render intelligible to others. She was always losing herself in philosophical disquisition, and once she got entangled in the mazes of the labyrinth of metaphysics; she had no clue by which she could guide her path—the imagination that led her into her difficulties, could not get her out of them; the want of a mathematical education, which might have served as a ballast to steady and help her into the port of reason, was always visible, and though she had great tact in concealing her defeat, and covering a retreat, a tolerable logician must have always discovered the scrapes she got into. Poor dear Madame de Staël, I shall never forget seeing her one day, at table with a large party, when the busk (I believe you ladies call it) of her corset forced its way through the top of the corset, and would not descend, though pushed by all the force of both hands of the wearer, who became crimson from the operation. After fruitless efforts, she turned in despair; to the valet de chambre behind her chair, and requested him to draw it out, which could only be done by his passing his hand from behind over her shoulder, and across her chest, when, with a desperate effort, he unsheathed the busk. Had you seen the faces of some of the English ladies of the party, you would have been like me, almost convulsed; while Madame remained perfectly unconscious that she had committed any solcism on *la décence Anglaise*. Poor Madame de Staël verified the truth of the lines—

'Qui de son sexe n'a pas l'esprit,
De son sexe a tout le malheur.'

She *thought* like a man, but alas! she *felt* like a woman; as witness the episode in her life with Monsieur Rocca, which she dared not avow, (I mean her marriage with him,) because she was more jealous of her reputation as a writer than a woman, and the faiblesse de cœur, this alliance proved she had not courage to *affiche*. A friend of hers, and a compatriot into the bargain, whom she believed to be one of the most adoring of her worshippers, gave me the following epigrams:—

'SUR LA GROSSESSE DE MADAME DE STAEL.

Quel esprit! quel talent! quel sublime génie!
En elle tout aspire à l'immortalité;
Et jusqu'à son hydropisie,
Rien n'est perdu pour la postérité.'

PORTRAIT DE MADAME DE STAEL.

Armande a pour esprit des momens de délire,
Armande a pour vertu le mépris des appas:
Elle craint la railleur que sans cesse elle inspire,
Elle évite l'amant que ne la cherche pas:

Puisqu'elle n'a point l'art de cacher son visage
 Et qu'elle a la fureur de montrer son esprit,
 Il faut la défier de cesser d'être sage
 Et d'entendre ce qu'elle dit.'

'The giving the epigrams to me, a brother of the craft of authors, was worthy of a friend, and was another proof, if proof were wanting, of the advantages of friends:

"No epigram such pointed satire lends
 As does the mem'ry of our faithful friends."

I have an exalted opinion of friendship, as you see. You look incredulous, but you will not only give me credit for being sincere in this opinion, but one day arrive at the same conclusion yourself. "Shake not thy *jetty* locks at me:" ten years hence, if we both live so long, you will allow that I am right, though you now think me a cynic for saying all this. Madame de Staël, continued Byron, 'had peculiar satisfaction in impressing on her auditors the severity of the persecution she underwent from Napoleon: a certain mode of enraging her, was to appear to doubt the extent to which she wished it to be believed this had been pushed, as she looked on the persecution as a triumphant proof of her literary and political importance, which she more than insinuated Napoleon feared might subvert his Government. This was a weakness, but a common one. One half of the clever people of the world believe they are hated and persecuted, and the other half imagine they are admired and beloved. Both are wrong, and both false conclusions are produced by vanity, though that vanity is the strongest which believes in the hatred and persecution, as it implies a belief of extraordinary superiority to account for it.'

I could not suppress the smile that Byron's reflections excited, and, with his usual quickness, he instantly felt the application I had made of them to himself, for he blushed, and half angry, and half laughing, said:—'Oh! I see what you are smiling at; you think that I have described my own case, and proved myself guilty of vanity.' I allowed that I thought so, as he had a thousand times repeated to me, that he was feared and detested in England, which I never would admit. He tried various arguments to prove to me that it was not vanity, but a knowledge of the fact, that made him believe himself detested: but I, continuing to smile and look incredulous, he got really displeased, and said,—'You have such a provoking memory, that you compare notes of all one's different opinions, so that one is sure to get into a scrape.' Byron observed, that he once told Madame de Staël, that he considered her 'Delphine' and 'Corinne' as very dangerous productions to be put into the hands of young women. I asked him how she received this piece of candor, and he answered:—'Oh! just as all such candid avowals are received—she never forgave me for it. She endeavored to prove to me, that, *au contraire*, the tendencies of both her novels were supereminently moral. I begged that we might not enter on 'Delphine,' as that was *hors de question*, (she was furious at this,) but that all the moral world

thought, that her representing all the virtuous characters in 'Corinne' as being dull, common-place, and tedious, was a most insidious blow aimed at virtue, and calculated to throw it into the shade. She was so excited and impatient to attempt a refutation, that it was only by my volubility I could keep her silent. She interrupted me every moment by gesticulating, exclaiming:—' *Quel idée !* ' *Mon Dieu !* ' *Ecoutez, donc !* ' *Vous m'impatiente y !* '—But I continued saying how dangerous it was to inculcate the belief that genius, talent, acquirements, and accomplishments, such as Corinne was represented to possess, could not preserve a woman from becoming a victim to an unrequited passion, and that reason, absence, and female pride were unavailing.

'I told her that "Corinne" would be considered, if not cited, as an excuse for violent *passions*, by all young ladies with imagination *exaltée*, and that she had much to answer for. Had you seen her! I now wonder how I had courage to go on; but I was in one of my humors, and had heard of her commenting on me one day, so I determined to pay her off. She told me that I, above *all people*, was the last person that ought to talk of morals, as nobody had done more to deteriorate them. I looked innocent, and added, I was willing to plead guilty of having sometimes represented Vice under alluring forms; but so it was generally in the world, therefore it was necessary to paint it so; but that I never represented virtue under the sombre and disgusting shapes of dulness, severity, and *ennui*, and that I always took care to represent the votaries of vice as unhappy themselves, and entailing unhappiness on those that loved them; so that *my moral* was unexceptionable. She was perfectly outrageous, and the more so, as I appeared calm and in earnest, though I assure you it required an effort, as I was ready to laugh outright at the idea that *I*, who was at that period considered the most *mauvais sujet* of the day, should give Madame de Staël a lecture on morals; and I knew that this added to her rage. I also knew she never dared avow that *I* had taken such a liberty. She was, notwithstanding her little defects, a *finé* creature, with great talents, and many noble qualities, and had a simplicity quite extraordinary, which led her to believe everything people told her, and consequently to be continually hoaxed, of which I saw such proofs in London. Madame de Staël it was who first lent me 'Adolphe,' which you like so much: it is very clever, and very affecting. A friend of hers told me, that she was supposed to be the heroine, and I, with my *aimable franchise*, insinuated as much to her, which rendered her furious. She proved to me how impossible it was that it could be so, which I already knew, and complained of the malice of the world for supposing it possible.'

Byron has remarkable penetration in discovering the characters of those around him, and he piques himself extremely on it: he also thinks he has fathomed the recesses of his own mind; but he is mistaken: with much that is *little* (which he suspects) in his character, there is much that is *great*, that he does not give himself credit for: his first impulses are always good, but his temper, which is impatient, prevents his

acting on the cool dictates of reason ; and it appears to me, that in judging himself, Byron mistakes temper for character, and takes the ebullitions of the first, for the indications of the nature of the second. He declares, that in addition to his other failings, avarice is now established. This new vice, like all the others he attributes to himself, he talks of as one would name those of an acquaintance, in a sort of deprecating, yet half mocking tone ; as much as to say, you see I know all my faults better than you do, though I don't choose to correct them : indeed, it has often occurred to me, that he brings forward his defects, as if in anticipation of some one else exposing them, which he would not like ; as, though he affects the contrary, he is jealous of being found fault with, and shows it in a thousand ways.

He affects to dislike hearing his works praised or referred to ; I say affects, because I am sure it is not real or natural ; as he who loves praise, as Byron evidently does, in other things, cannot dislike it for that in which he must be conscious it is deserved. He refers to his feats in horsemanship, shooting at a mark, and swimming, in a way that proves he likes to be complimented on them ; and nothing appears to give him more satisfaction than being considered a man of fashion, who had great success in fashionable society in London, when he resided there. He is peculiarly compassionate to the poor ; I remarked that he rarely, in our rides, passed a mendicant without giving him charity, which was invariably bestowed with gentleness and kindness ; this was still more observable if the person was deformed, as if he sympathised with the object.

Byron is very fond of gossiping, and of hearing what is going on in the London fashionable world ; his friends keep him *au courant*, and any little scandal amuses him very much. I observed this to him one day, and added, that I thought his mind had been too great to descend to such trifles ! he laughed, and said with mock gravity, ' Don't you know that the trunk of an elephant that can lift the most ponderous weights, disdains not to take up the most minute ? This is the case with my *great* mind, (laughing anew,) and you must allow the simile is worthy the subject. Jestings apart, I do like a little scandal—I believe all English people do. An Italian lady, Madame Benzoni, talking to me on the prevalence of this taste among my compatriots, observed, that when she first knew the English, she thought them the most spiteful and ill-natured people in the world, from hearing them constantly repeating evil of each other ; but having seen various amiable traits in their characters, she had arrived at the conclusion, that they were not naturally *méchant* ; but that living in a country like England, where severity of morals punishes so heavily any dereliction from propriety, each individual, to prove personal correctness, was compelled to attack the *sins* of his or her acquaintance, as it furnished an opportunity of expressing their abhorrence by words, instead of proving it by actions, which might cause some self-denial to themselves. ' This,' said Byron, ' was an ingenious, as well as charitable supposition ; and we must all allow that it is infinitely more easy to decry and expose the

sins of others, than to correct our own; and many find the first so agreeable an occupation, that it precludes the second—this, at least, is my case.’

‘The Italians do not understand the English,’ said Byron; ‘indeed, how can they? for they (the Italians) are frank, simple, and open in their natures, following the bent of their inclinations, which they do not believe to be wicked; while the English, to conceal the indulgence of theirs, daily practise hypocrisy, falsehood, and uncharitableness; so that to *one* error is added many crimes.’ Byron had now got on a favorite subject, and went on decrying hypocrisy and cant, mingling sarcasms and bitter observations on the false delicacy of the English. It is strange, but true as strange, that he could not, or at least did not, distinguish the distinction between cause and effect, in this case. The respect for virtue will always cause spurious imitations of it to be given; and what he calls hypocrisy, is but the respect to public opinion that induces people, who have not courage to correct their errors, at least to endeavor to conceal them; and Cant is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue.* We do not value the diamond less, because there are so many worthless imitations of it, and Goodness loses nothing of her intrinsic value because so many wish to be thought to possess it. That nation may be considered to possess the most virtue, where it is the most highly appreciated; and that the least, where it is so little understood, that the semblance is not even assumed.

About this period the Duke of Leeds and family arrived at Genoa, and passed a day or two there, at the same hotel where we were residing. Shortly after their departure Byron came to dine with us, and expressed his mortification at the Duke’s not having called on him, were it only out of respect to Mrs. Leigh, who was the half-sister of both. This seemed to annoy him so much, that I endeavored to point out the inutility of ceremony between people who could have no two ideas in common, and observed, that the *gêne* of finding oneself with people of different habits and feelings, was ill repaid by the respect their civility indicated. Byron is a person to be excessively bored by the constraint that any change of system would occasion, even for a day; but yet his *amour propre* is wounded by any marks of incivility or want of respect he meets with. Poor Byron! he is still far from arriving at the philosophy that he aims at and thinks he has acquired, when the absence or presence of a person who is indifferent to him, whatever his station in life may be, can occupy his thoughts for a moment.

I have observed in Byron a habit of attaching importance to trifles, and, *vice versâ*, turning serious events into ridicule; he is extremely superstitious, and seems offended with those who cannot, or will not partake this weakness. He has frequently touched on this subject, and tauntingly observed to me that I must believe myself wiser than him, because I was not superstitious. I answered, that the vividness of his imagination, which was proved by his works, furnished a sufficient ex-

* Rochefoucault.

cuse for his superstition, which was caused by an over-excitement of that faculty; but that *I*, not being blessed by the *camera lucida* of imagination, could have no excuse for the *camera oscura*, which I looked on superstition to be. This did not, however, content him, and I am sure he left me with a lower opinion of my faculties than before. To deprecate his anger, I observed that nature was so wise and good that she gave compensations to all her offspring: that as to him she had given the brightest gift, genius; so to those whom she had not so distinguished, she gave the less brilliant, but perhaps as useful, gift of plain and unsophisticated reason. This did not satisfy his *amour propre*, and he left me, evidently displeased at my want of superstition. Byron is, I believe, sincere in his belief in supernatural appearances; he assumes a grave and mysterious air when he talks on the subject, which he is fond of doing, and has told me some extraordinary stories relative to Mr. Shelley, who, he assures me, had an implicit belief in ghosts. He also told me that Mr. Shelley's spectre had appeared to a lady, walking in a garden, and he seemed to lay great stress on this. Though some of the wisest of mankind, as witness Johnson, shared this weakness in common with Byron; still there is something so unusual in our matter-of-fact days in giving way to it, that I was at first doubtful that Byron was serious in his belief. He is also superstitious about days, and other trifling things,—believes in lucky and unlucky days,—dislikes undertaking anything on a Friday, helping or being helped to salt at table, spilling salt or oil, letting bread fall, and breaking mirrors; in short, he gives way to a thousand fantastical notions, that prove that even *l'esprit le plus fort* has its weak side. Having declined riding with Byron one day, on the plea of going to visit some of the Genoese palaces and pictures, it furnished him with a subject of attack at our next interview; he declared that he never believed people serious in their admiration of pictures, statues, &c. and that those who expressed the most admiration were '*Amatori senza Amore, and Conoscitori senza Cognizione.*' I replied, that as I had never talked to him of pictures, I hoped he would give me credit for being sincere in my admiration of them: but he was in no humor to give one credit for anything on this occasion, as he felt that our giving a preference to seeing sights, when we might have passed the hours with him, was not flattering to his vanity. I should say that Byron was not either skilled in, or an admirer of works of art; he confessed to me that very few had excited his attention, and that to admire these he had been forced to draw on his imagination. Of objects of taste or virtù he was equally regardless, and antiquities had no interest for him; nay, he carried this so far, that he disbelieved the possibility of their exciting interest in any one, and said that they merely served as excuses for indulging the vanity and ostentation of those who had no other means of exciting attention. Music he liked, though he was no judge of it: he often dwelt on the power of association it possessed, and declared that the notes of a well-known air could transport him to distant scenes and events, presenting objects before him with a vividness that quite ban-

ished the present. Perfumes, he said, produced the same effect, though less forcibly, and, added he with his mocking smile, often make me quite sentimental.

Byron is of a very suspicious nature; he dreads imposition on all points, declares that he foregoes many things, from the fear of being cheated in the purchase, and is afraid to give way to the natural impulses of his character, lest he should be duped or mocked. This does not interfere with his charities, which are frequent and liberal; but he has got into the habit of calculating even his most trifling personal expenses, that is often ludicrous, and would in England expose him to ridicule. He indulges in a self-complacency when talking of his own defects, that is amusing; and he is rather fond than reluctant of bringing them into observation. He says that money is wisdom, knowledge, and power, all combined; and that this conviction is the only one he has in common with all his countrymen. He dwells with great asperity on an acquaintance to whom he lent some money, and who has not repaid him.

Byron seems to take a peculiar pleasure in ridiculing sentiment and romantic feelings; and yet the day after will betray both, to an extent that appears impossible to be sincere, to those who had heard his previous sarcasms: that he is sincere, is evident, as his eyes fill with tears, his voice becomes tremulous, and his whole manner evinces that he feels what he says. All this appears so inconsistent that it destroys sympathy, or if it does not quite do that, it makes one angry with oneself for giving way to it for one who is never two days of the same way of thinking, or at least expressing himself. He talks for effect, likes to excite astonishment, and certainly destroys in the minds of his auditors all confidence in his stability of character. This must, I am certain, be felt by all who have lived much in his society; and the impression is not satisfactory.

Talking one day of his domestic misfortunes, as he always called his separation from Lady Byron, he dwelt in a sort of unmanly strain of lamentation on it, that all present felt to be unworthy of him; and as the evening before I had heard this habitude of his commented on by persons indifferent about his feelings, who even ridiculed his making it a topic of conversation with mere acquaintances, I wrote a few lines in verse, expressive of my sentiments, and handed it across the table round which we were seated, as he was sitting for his portrait. He read them, became red and pale, by turns, with anger, and threw them down on the table, with an expression of countenance that is not to be forgotten. The following are the lines, which had nothing to offend, but they did offend him deeply, and he did not recover his temper during the rest of his stay.

And canst thou bare thy breast to vulgar eyes?
 And canst thou show the wounds that rankle there?
 Methought in noble hearts that sorrow lies
 Too deep to suffer coarser minds to share.

The wounds inflicted by the hand we love,
(The hand that should have warded off each blow,)
Are never healed, as aching hearts can prove,
But *sacred* should the stream of sorrow flow.

If *friendship's* pity quells not real grief,
Can *public* pity soothe thy woes to sleep?—
No! Byron, spurn such vain, such weak relief,
And if thy tears must fall—in secret weep.

He never appeared to so little advantage as when he talked sentiment: this did not at all strike me at first; on the contrary, it excited a powerful interest for him; but when he had vented his spleen, sarcasm, and pointed ridicule on sentiment, reducing all that is noblest in our natures to the level of common every-day life, the charm was broken, and it was impossible to sympathise with him again. He observed something of this, and seemed dissatisfied and restless when he perceived that he could no longer excite either strong sympathy or astonishment. Notwithstanding all these contradictions in this wayward, spoilt child of genius, the impression left on my mind was, that he had both sentiment and romance in his nature; but that, from the love of display and astonishing, he affected to despise and ridicule them.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HEIGHTS OF PHALERE.

In the early part of the year 1827, the Greek government deemed it advisable to take some measures for the relief of Athens. The Acropolis had been for some months strictly invested by the Turks, and although the gallant Colonel Fabvier had succeeded in reinforcing the garrison with 500 men; yet there was little hope of their holding out much longer, against the privations and incessant fatigue they had to endure.

The allowance of water had for some time been limited to half an *occa* (little better than a pint) to each individual daily, eggs were sold at two dollars a piece, and though barley was abundant, yet fuel there was none. All buildings containing wood, had long since been pulled down for the sake of that, then precious material. Frequent sorties had been made, and many lives lost in the attempt to procure a few faggots from the olive trees in the plain; and the garrison were now reduced to the necessity of contributing a portion of their barley rations, to burn in the ovens, in order that the rest might be partially baked. Added to this the endemic disease of the country was amongst them, to perfect the work that famine and fatigue had begun. At this crisis, letters were received by the government, stating that the fortress would be surrendered to Kioutahi Pacha, the commander-in-chief of the besieging army, at the end of three weeks, if nothing could be done for its relief.

An army of six or seven thousand men was immediately recruited, and the command entrusted to an European officer well known for his generous advocacy of the Greek cause. The head-quarters were established at Metochi, a small farm near Megara, opposite the convent of Faneromeni, in the Island of Salamis.

Having come to a determination to join the expedition, I left Napoli for Pindi, beginning my journey with the sun, having a ride of eight hours to perform.

The road from Napoli to Piadi winds between a double range of hills, whose gray and barren summits are beautifully contrasted with the luxuriant productions of the valleys. The oleander, the arbutus, the myrtle and the rhododendron, are here indigenous, and the air is richly impregnated with the odors of wild thyme, and other aromatic herbs, which form the pasturage on the slopes of the hills. As the war has never penetrated into this part of the Argolide, the mountains are still covered with numerous flocks of sheep and goats; cultivation there is none, except in the vicinity of Ligurio, the only village on the road. As there are no inns, the traveller is under the necessity of carrying his larder with him. After a four hours' ride, under a burning sun, I alighted at a spot inviting at once to rest and refecation—a few trees capable of giving shade, and a cold crystal mountain rivulet were the attractions. Bread, olives, and a skin of wine were spread before me by the hands of my trusty palikar, who set me an example, by commencing an attack upon them in the patriarchal style; knives, forks, cups, and other the like varieties being held in utter contempt by the unsophisticated Greeks. After a short siesta, to allow the mid-day heat to pass away, I resumed my journey, and about an hour before sunset reached Piadi, now a miserable village, about a mile and a half from the sea-shore. My palikar, who prided himself upon his English, assured me that Piadi was a place 'as is was before (his invariable mode of expressing the past) call Epidaurus.' This ingenious torturer of tongues—for he served French and Italian in the same way—had been taken to England by Captain Blaquiere,* on his return from his first visit, and had passed two years in an English seminary, where he had been placed by a society of Philhellene quakers, in order to qualify him, 'to teach the young idea how to shoot,' in his native country. Being furnished with proper credentials, on his landing in Napoli, he attired himself in his best Frank suit, and waited upon the Greek government to request their co-operation in the establishment of an academy; but as they were in no lack of devices for frittering away money, his very reasonable demand was not acceded to, and the next step was to offer his services to me in the mixed capacity of body servant and interpreter, 'God help the mark,' for a stipend of two dollars monthly, a proposition with which I immediately closed; and it is impossible to conceive a being who would have made a worse schoolmaster, or a better or more amusing servant. He would sometimes describe to me his early conflicts with the Turks, in some such language as the following:—'*Dat taimen when as is was beefore come Tark, I'se go laive times in de baattles. De Tarks is go down stairs, pick it up plenty stones make him de howse. I take plenty Greeks, go up stairs, bang! bang! Ah, yes, Sar, you please! dat taimen is kill too much Turks;*' all which means that the Turks having entered a defile, were fired down upon from the hills and killed, while vainly attempting to construct a tambouri for their defence—but 'something too much of this,'—I immediately left Piadi, 'as is was beefore call Epidaurus,' and descended to the sea in search of a barque, to transport me across the Saronic Gulph to Salamis, 'as is bye and bye call Colouri.'

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By the time I reached the shore the sun had gone down, and the young moon was shedding her mild radiance 'o'er hill and dale, and dark blue water.' On the beach were a party of boatmen assembled round a blazing fire, preparing their evening repast. Their half-naked muscular forms, their dark mustachioed faces, their uncouth, though picturesque, garments, their long knives, which they never

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taken prisoner, and some few who had advanced with him into the plain, had been cut to pieces by the Delhis, the invariable fate of Greek infantry when opposed on level ground to Turkish horse. Among the slain were a few Franks—a gigantic Swiss, of the name of Du Gask, who was reported to have killed eleven Turks with his sabre before he was disabled: a certain M. Le Bon, the surgeon-major, who told me that his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty had made him abandon a lucrative situation with a 'pharmacien' in Paris, where his 'appointments' were of the full yearly value of 500 francs. He had registered a vow in heaven not to shave till the end of the campaign, but the inexorable Turks cut short his vow and his campaign together, by taking off his head, upon which one of his countrymen facetiously observed, '*il a été joliment rasé.*'

Thus, one half the expedition routed, there was no longer question of relieving Athens, but rather, whether we should not ourselves be driven into the sea by a sudden assault, or, at the best, be blockaded by the Seraskier. Our only supply of fresh water was derived from a well situated in the plain midway between the heights of Phalère and the convent of San Spiridion. This was a constant source of contention, inasmuch as it was equally necessary to the Turks as to ourselves, and for several days it was alternately in the possession of either party. There is a strange custom prevalent among the Albanians, of whom the army of the Seraskier was chiefly composed. It is, that of making a temporary truce with their enemies for the purpose of holding with them a little conversation. Two or three of them will advance in the night within earshot of the outposts, and call out '*Bessa, bessa,*' which means, in the Albanese dialect, faith for faith. The Greeks, who never neglect an opportunity of exhibiting their conversational talents, reply in the same words, each party deposit their arms, they advance to meet each other and the compact is complete; and, I believe, there is no instance on record of a treaty thus unceremoniously made ever having been violated. It would naturally be supposed that these nocturnal colloquies would have some relation to subjects of mutual interest which necessarily exist between nations hitherto so intimately connected as the Greeks and Albanians, such as the fate of prisoners, and so forth; but such is not the fact. The disputed well was frequently the scene of these meetings, wherein the Greeks were wont to exercise their ready wit with great effect upon the more obtuse Albanians. They generally begin by threatening each other with annihilation on the morrow, and then tax their invention for proofs of their power to carry their threats into execution. They call each other dogs, infidels, '*keratades,*' that is to say, cuckolds, which is the *ne plus ultra* of Greek wrath, and after having used and received all the terms and abuse with which their language supplies them, they return to their posts, sometimes though, not without carrying with them valuable information, which, in their mutual indiscretion, has been suffered to escape. It was in this way that we learnt the intention of the Turks to attack us on the sunrise of the Sunday following the defeat of Bourbaki. The Greeks had taken down with them a particularly white loaf, which they had procured for the purpose: this they presented to the Albanian Turks at the well, telling them that there was plenty more of it on the heights, and inviting them to come and help themselves. This the Turks promised to do, and at last let out, that the Seraskier would make his appearance before them, on Sunday morning, with 11,000 men. The Greeks replied, by saying, that if the Pacha came they would make such a use of his beard, as, I believe, beard was never put to yet, and they separated. That loaf fell into the hands of the Pacha, and was afterwards sent by him in a sack to Constantinople, together with poor Bourbaki's head, and one of the steamboat's sixty-eight pound shot, symbolically showing to the Sultan the difficulties he had to contend with, and what he had already done towards overcoming them.

As the Albanians had promised us, down came the Roumelie Valisee, on the Sunday morning, with all the power he could spare from before Athens; but we were prepared, and although we had no opportunity of performing the threatened vengeance on his beard, yet we gave him and his Delhis so warm a reception, that before nightfall he was glad to decamp, leaving, however, a considerable force on the opposite hill of Caritzena, which being just within range, we diverted ourselves by observing the alacrity of their motions, when we occasionally sent them

a messenger, in the shape of a six pound shot, which was done with great glee and wonderful precision by a Piedmontese carbonaro, named Rockavilla.

The Greeks being somewhat inspired by the negative success of not being driven into the ocean, at last bethought them, that they had come to Phalere for the purpose of relieving Athens; and that, in order to effect this, it would be necessary to shorten the distance between them and the city. With this view, a tambouri was constructed in the plain, defended on one side by a morass, and behind by the sea; the only side on which the Turks could approach it, being flanked at half range by a battery of four six, and two eighteen pounders, on the extreme right of our position. A tambouri is a field fortification; the value of which is fully understood by both Turk and Greek. It is, as its name implies, a drum, or circle; the area of which is proportioned to the number of its defenders, inclosed by a wall of loose stones, breast high, having loop-holes just above the level of the ground, and a ditch on the *inside*, in which the defenders lie. An hour or two at most suffices for the construction of this simple defence; and unless cannon be brought against it, it is adequate to protect its garrison against twenty times their number—that is, of Turks:—not that I mean to impugn their courage, but their system of attack. The tambouri was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty Cretans, commanded by Demetrius Kalergi, a young Greek of good family, no less remarkable on account of his personal bravery, than for his numerous escapes from the most perilous situations into which his adventurous, chivalrous spirit was perpetually leading him. The Cretans are men fit to be commanded by such a leader; brave, athletic, active as the antelopes of their own hills; inured to war, and better armed than either their compatriots or their enemies. Instead of the weak, badly-mounted guns, only valued on account of the richness of their ornaments, common to the Turks and Greeks, they carry the long deadly barrel of the Spanish mountaineers: and such is their dexterity in the use of this weapon, that they kill, with almost unvarying certainty, the smallest birds on the wing; and that with a single ball, and at a considerable distance. The Pacha was too good a general not to be aware of the advantages this post might give us; and it was scarcely established, before he sent against it a force, which he, no doubt, thought sufficient to take it by a *coup de main*—but he was mistaken. After an hour or two wasted in unsuccessful attacks, the Seraskier did us the honor to make his appearance in person, attended by two or three thousand infantry, and five or six hundred horse; and, from his gesticulations, easily observed by the telescope, we judged him to be in no very good humor.

It is curious to observe the way in which the Turks attack a tambouri. The bairakdars, or banner-men, taking advantage of the slightest rising ground between them and the object of attack, throw themselves on their bellies, their standards in their hands, and their ataghans in their mouths, to be ready in case of a sortie; wriggle along till they get perhaps within a few feet of the tambouri, then suddenly erecting their flags, they plant them firmly in the ground, still keeping their bodies under cover; so that you find yourselves on a sudden, by magic, as it were, surrounded by a forest of the enemy's colors, set up by invisible hands. The main body then sends forward small detachments, as if to try the temper of the besieged. They advance with loud shouts of 'Allah! Allah! akbar! Alillullah!'—and nervous people might be excused for feeling some little alarm, at their discordant yells. Fortunately, however, for the defenders of a tambouri, the fall of a few of the foremost discourages the rest, and they return to the main body. The attack is renewed in the same way; and so the affair is kept up for hours, and frequently without the loss of a single man on the side of the attacked; whereas, a tolerably determined charge of the whole force would prove immediately successful; as the wall, being uncemented, would instantly give way to the foot, or the butt of a gun. But, as the Turks say, when any suggestion is thrown out to them, 'Inshallah, Buckallem,' which means 'Please God, we shall see,'—words ever in the mouth of a mussulman:—and while they are waiting till it please God for them to see, the opportunity of availing themselves of an offered advantage, it is already gone by. On this occasion, neither the presence of the Pacha of many titles and three tails, nor his 'Ana sena sickdems, and 'Pesivenckleris,' (favorite Moslem oaths; in the first of which, the abuse

levelled, not against the individual addressed, but against his mother,) produced the desired effect. The little tambouri held its own: and many a bold Albanian was sent to behold the beard of the Prophet, (on which, by the bye, is eternal oil of roses;—that is, if the creed be true,) by the fatal fire of the men of Crete. Five or six hours passed in these desultory attacks, when, during one of their most formidable charges, an individual was observed to snatch a standard from the ground, and run towards the tambouri, shouting, 'Eimai Romaïos! Eimai Romaïos!'—'I am a Greek! I am a Greek!' He cleared the wall of the tambouri at a bound, and alighted unhurt, amidst the astonished Cretans, although he had been exposed, during the whole of his run, to a double fire. We were for some time too much occupied, to pay much attention to our new visitor, as the Delbis now rode forward to the attack, followed by a dense body of foot. At this crisis, the little battery on our left showered its grape amongst the red caps with such effect, that, after leaving a hundred or two of their best and bravest men on the ground, the whole body, horse and foot, Bairackdars and all, made their way back to their master, with all the speed they could; and we had the satisfaction to see the Seraskier clap spurs to his steed, and gallop off in the direction of Athens. The Cretans spread themselves over the field of battle, and in a short time every vestige of clothing had disappeared from the slain, horses and all—from these last, even their skins. In the mean time, the hero of the standard was relating, to such an audience as he could collect, (Franks only, of course,) the history of his adventure. He had been one of the garrison of the Acropolis, and had volunteered, with a companion, to carry letters from the commandant to the Greek government. Having, on the previous evening, descended from the fortress into the town, which was in the possession of the enemy, he there found himself so situated, that he could not escape, without alarming the guard: his companion lost heart, and returned to the citadel. Not knowing what better to do, he lay down in the street, and (at least so he said) slept till he was disturbed, on the following morning, by the passing of one of the detachments going to the attack of the tambouri. Being a Bulgarian by birth, and his native language Turkish, he immediately conceived the idea of joining the detachment—passing himself off for a Turk—and afterwards trusting to accident for his escape. All went on well till the hour of prayer, when he was obliged to imitate, as well as he could, the gesticulations of the Turkish ceremonial. He was a clever fellow, but his awkwardness was remarked; and upon being questioned, he accounted for it, by saying he had been wounded in the arm. All went well, and he contrived to join in every charge, keeping in the rear, and amusing himself, by his own account, by shooting his comrades, *pro tem*, through the head, from behind; till at last, in what he believed to be the final charge, he seized the standard, and succeeded in joining his friends in the tambouri. He accompanied the whole of his recital with appropriate gestures, suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action; and after being liberally rewarded by the commanders, he went his way to Ægina, to lay before the government his letters.

The establishment of the tambouri led to no beneficial results; and three months afterwards, the iron twenty-fours, to the great annoyance of those who had blistered their hands in dragging them up, were dismounted, and thrown into an old dry well. Athens was left to its fate, and the Greeks abandoned the Heights of Phalere.

THE SAND BANK.

He who's born to be *hang'd*, can never be *drown'd*.

OLD BALLAD.

The boat was now ready, and brought to a narrow causeway constructed for the convenience of landing and embarking at the fall of the tide. The party entered and seated themselves. It was manned by a single rower, clad in the costume of his vocation, which was that of a fisherman. He had for this day abandoned his usual occupation, in hopes of a richer reward from the liberality of the gentry at the Hall, than he was likely to obtain from the capricious ocean. The laugh was loud, while the merry jest passed from mouth to mouth. Stanley was alone unhappy. His mirth was constrained, his thoughts abstracted. Restless and impatient, in a tone of fretful displeasure, he ordered the boatman to push from the shore. The order was instantly obeyed, and in a few moments the boat danced merrily upon the bounding waters. Her keel cut rapidly through the billows, leaving a trail of foam behind it, which at once indicated her track and the rapidity of her progress.

Every now and then the half-suppressed exclamation was heard from the more timid among her passengers, as she occasionally lurched from the force of the swell, the water being almost on a level with her gunwale. With suspended breath, accompanied by a half-stifled scream, the terrified Julia, his affianced bride, seized Stanley's arm with a tenacious grasp ; and this she repeated every time the boat rose upon the swell, or sunk into the hollows, caused by the agitation of a gentle breeze, which aided her progress through the sparkling element.

After a few minute's rowing, the boat reached her destination, and her passengers landed with great glee upon a large bank of sand within half a mile of the beach. Pots, kettles, and all the gastronomical appendages of a pick-nick, were displayed upon the sloping shore. A smile was on every cheek, and delight beamed from every eye at the prospect of enjoyment, new to many and delightful to all. Stanley alone was grave and silent. Not another brow was clouded. Every heart but his was light and unsadened.

The day was beautiful. Not a vapor interrupted the clear azure of the heavens ; while the sun, bright as in his summer meridian, but his fervor cooled by the temperate breezes of autumn, had lost none of his splendor, though abridged of his power. Upon the highest part of the mound were some long piles, which had been driven into the sand as a mark at high tide to point out the shallow. Against these a rude shed had been constructed for the convenience of the cocklers, which, though considerably dilapidated by the constant flow and repercussion of the waters, afforded no contemptible refectory upon a spot which had evidently never been designed by nature to administer to the caprices of pleasure.

After tea had been prepared, during which there was no lack of noisy hilarity, some of the party related their common-place adventures with as much satisfaction, and the assumption of as much importance, as if they had gathered blackberries at the poles, shot white bears within the tropics, or been entrusted with the ashes of the Phoenix. Stanley was not disposed to be so communicative as his more innocent, but more silly companions ; on the contrary, he listened with an air of dog-

ged impatience, and not without an indignant, though unuttered, feeling of contempt at such vexatious trifling. They bantered him upon his gravity, but this only served to render him the more uncourteous and sullen. Julia simpered, yet was evidently discomposed; this, however, was no serious interruption to the general harmony.

After some time had been harmlessly whiled away over their tea, toast, and cockles, the latter of which were supplied in abundance from the bank upon which they were regaling themselves, the party separated into sundry groups, and severally rambled over the extensive strand, in order to have a more varied enjoyment of the scene around them. The vast expanse of water undulating onward, until it softened into the distant line of the horizon; the gentle curling of the crisp blue waves, as they were agitated by the passing breeze; the hoarse scream of the sea mew, as it blended with the lulling cadence of the billows; the occasional dash of distant oars, as the pleasure-boat or fishing smack glided gaily past upon the glassy surface before them; the cheerful note of the rower, as he timed the stroke of his oar to the rough measure of his song; the distant shouts of *yo heave ho* from the small trading vessels, as they were unloading or taking in their cargoes on the opposite shore,—all imparted a variety and picturesque harmony to the scene, producing those lively emotions, which make us forget for a while the progress of time, when the objects that surround us are such as to entrance our attention and to elate our feelings.

To a stranger's eye, the scene above described was of no common interest; and even those to whom it was familiar could not but enjoy a secondary, added to their primary pleasure, in witnessing the delight which objects so interesting produced upon the feelings of many to whom they were altogether new. The whole party, always excepting Stanley, who appeared determined not to be gratified, expressed their satisfaction in terms of unmeasured enthusiasm.

The sand island was of considerable extent, doubling a long promontory in the form of a deep crescent, the horns of which extended so far towards the land as to form nearly half a circle. The headland jutted a considerable distance into the water, reaching to within a hundred yards from the centre of this vast segment, when the tide was out. The extremities of the sand-bank rounded the cape so far on each side, that they who were on the one could not be seen by those on the other. The extreme length of the strand at the ebb of the tide was about half a mile.

I have said that the visitors to this interesting spot had separated in order to amuse themselves as they might severally feel disposed. They had divided into trios, pairs, and single stragglers. Stanley, having left his fair charge to the care of her cousin, had wandered alone to one of the extreme points of the island, whence his companions were concealed from his view by the intervening cape. He had occupied himself some time in reflecting upon past occurrences, until his thoughts, taking their tone from the perturbations with which some very unwelcome recollections were accompanied, cast an additional gloom over his spirit which had been rather aggravated than subdued by the thoughtless hilarity of his companions. He really loved Agnes, a beautiful girl whom he had heartlessly betrayed under the most solemn promises of marriage—if that can be called love of which mere appetency is the only element—and the paramount wish of his heart now was to renew that intercourse, which had already degraded her and dishonored him. As

to a nearer tie, his base spirit revolted from the very thought, but how otherwise to accomplish his purpose was a difficulty which sadly perplexed him. He felt confident that she would not listen for an instant to any proposal that would continue her in her degradation, and yet he could not consent to abandon an object, who had already yielded up to him her affection and her virtue, and whom he was still anxious to retain upon any terms short of those by which alone he could repair the wrong he had done her. His approaching marriage he contemplated with complacency, as it would place large funds at his disposal, a power of which he was extremely anxious to avail himself. As to what opinion the deluded being whom he was about to make his wife might eventually entertain of him, he did not consider it to be an object worth his attention, deeming her sufficiently repaid for the transfer of her affections and fortune to him, by the honor of an alliance which would make her, whose pedigree was anything but remote, a member of an old and distinguished family.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, he gazed, scarcely conscious of the objects before him, at the gradual advance of the tide, seeing, indeed, but not observing the crested surges as they curled and rippled at his feet, and gathering every now and then, with a half vacant look of indifference, the variegated shells with which the strand abounded. He became at length so deeply absorbed in that maze of perplexing reflection, which sometimes distracts the thoughts when the known past and the unknown future mingle in our minds the uncertain with the doubtful, that he did not perceive the waves had considerably increased in volume, and were rapidly advancing over the sand. His eye had long apparently watched their progress, and yet he was really unconscious of their approach. His abstraction for the moment was so intense, that the external world seemed to have faded before him, until his attention was roused by a sudden cry of distress to the reality of the scene before him. He raised his head and listened. Again it came, borne on the rising breeze, before he had time to determine whether it was real or imaginary. He no longer doubted, after hearing the second cry, as the shrill tone was too familiar to his ear to be easily mistaken. He knew not what to think. His first impression was, that his dear betrothed had rashly ventured upon a precipitous part of the bank, and been swept into the embrace of some ungentle billow. The golden harvest, which was so full and fair for the gathering in, was perhaps about to be swallowed up in the insatiable ocean. What a possibility ! To lose so rich a prize in the lottery of life !—dreadful ! What was to be done ? Impelled by a sudden impulse of selfish heroism, he rushed forward to save the fair object of his anxiety, not doubting but that he was about to see his worst surmises realized.

Upon gaining the most elevated part of the sand-bank, he discovered to his dismay that the tide had risen so rapidly as to separate the portion upon which he stood from the main body, there being a considerable indentation on that side over which the water had imperceptibly flowed, so that all communication was cut off between him and his companions. He attempted to ford the channel, but when he found the water to be above his waist before he reached the centre of the passage, he was repelled by his fear from proceeding, and retreated disappointed and alarmed.

By this time the wind blew at intervals in sudden gusts, while the rack was beginning to gather and pass rapidly over the declining sun.

The sand was occasionally raised in small vortices, and scattered profusely over him. The air was becoming chill, which the sudden sense of danger made more obvious, though Stanley had been hitherto too much absorbed in his unquiet meditations to give it much heed. He was now sensible that his situation was extremely hazardous, and that nothing could save him from destruction if he were left to his own exertions for escape. He looked with an expression of dismay at the rapidly accumulating tide, and in proportion as the creek enlarged which separated him from his friends, his apprehensions of peril increased. It was evident that the small insular mass upon which he stood would be soon covered, as no part of it was much elevated above the rising tide, which was visibly encroaching. He watched it with painful earnestness; it momentarily narrowed the limits of his little realm. The billows now rose into something like commotion, as their course was impeded by the uneven surface of the channel through which they passed, and their white foaming crests indicated the approach of a fiercer conflict.

Stanley's alarm at finding himself so unexpectedly separated from his companions, was not a little aggravated at perceiving that the boat which had conveyed them to the island had broken from her moorings, and was tossing about at the mercy of the waves. She was drifting fast towards the land, and there was evidently no possibility of regaining her. This was indeed a new source of apprehension to the terrified Stanley. All hope of assistance seemed at once to vanish, as it was evident that his friends were as much in jeopardy as himself. This, however, could afford no consolation to him. He saw them running with an air of distraction along the margin of the rising sea, throwing up their arms as if supplicating assistance, and evidently making signals to the shore.

There happened to be no cottage on the part of the beach opposite to which he was standing. He could consequently encourage no hopes that any signal made by him would be observed, and his voice, however loudly he might shout, was still less likely to be heard. His only chance was to communicate his distress, if possible, to those who were in a similar state of peril with himself, so that if assistance reached them from the land, it might by their means be extended to him. He was satisfied they would not leave him to his fate, if they were released from theirs. He felt assured that Julia's affections were too deeply rooted not to urge her to put everything to the hazard for his safety. He was, however, for once deceived, since the only being upon earth whom she sincerely and exclusively loved was herself. He nevertheless derived a momentary consolation from the reflection that relief would quickly reach them from the land, and that they would immediately hasten to his rescue; but he was soon doomed to witness the disappointment of his most anxious expectations.

While he was waving his handkerchief as a signal of distress, he perceived a boat approach his companions in peril. In their deliverance he anxiously anticipated his own. His suspense had a speedy but fearful termination. He raised his voice to its extremest pitch, shouting with all that impatient eagerness which a consciousness of danger naturally induces; he was however unheeded: in fact he was not heard. He fixed his eye with intense interest on the friends from whom he had been separated, until they had all entered the boat. It was very small, and by the time the whole party were safe on board was so overloaded, that any delay in disembarking must have been attended with no small

hazard. Stanley saw her direct her course towards the land. His heart sickened. He waved his handkerchief, and shouted again in vain. She altered not her course, and he was left to the agonies of an almost hopeless disappointment. He struck his forehead in agony. The tide in the meanwhile had rapidly risen, and his peril was proportionably increased. He bitterly lamented his folly, in having so thoughtlessly wandered from the party merely to indulge a morose humor, for which, as it appeared, he was about to pay a most fearful penalty. His lamentations, however, reached no mortal ear but his own.

The sky now began to darken, and the rays of the declining sun were only occasionally seen to slant upon the frothy waters. The air was becoming opaque and heavy, while the distant line of the horizon was broken by gathering masses of deep purple cloud, which rose rapidly to the zenith, gradually overspreading the whole circumference of the heavens. The gusts increased in frequency and force, swelling every now and then into a momentary howl, while the waves, lashed into commotion by their augmenting violence, rose, and gurgled around him, assuming a most angry aspect, and beginning to expand into fierce and formidable array. Their agreeable ripple had subsided, and was succeeded by a confused clashing, like the distant champing of the war-horse, ready and eager for the battle.

The clouds still thickened, and gathered with deep expansion over the setting sun. In a short time the mass was so dense, that there no longer remained any indication of his presence above the horizon, except the golden tinge that hung upon the vapory skirts of the clouds, as their huge fantastic forms were impelled through the murky firmament. The progress of the coming storm was quick, and fearfully menacing. Stanley gazed upon the spreading vapors which rolled in dusky volumes above, and the increasing agitation of the waters below, with the most vivid apprehensions. The clouds, were at times so low, that it almost appeared as if he could dart his hand into them, and grasp the lightning which he imagined just ready to explode within their teeming bosoms. He felt a chill creeping through his frame which seemed nearly to paralyze him, while the pulses of his heart beat so violently as to be almost audible. His throat became dry. The perspiration started from his temples, and gathering into large drops, hung quivering upon his brows. He felt a suffocating sensation, which caused him to gasp as if suffering under strangulation. This sudden revulsion nearly distracted him. All these agonising sensations became stronger in proportion as his hopes of deliverance grew weaker, until at length the excitement of his mind was all but maddening. His spirits sunk, his limbs tottered, he panted with terror. It was indeed an awful visitation, the more awful because so sudden and unexpected.

The shore had by this time almost melted into the darkness, so that he could no longer define objects so remote. He looked with an anxious eye towards that part of the beach where the boat, which had so lately rescued his companions, had directed her course. He could no longer distinguish her. She had faded into the twilight, or she might perhaps have given up her living freight to the merciless ocean, and he only might remain to be the last of many sufferers. What an agonising thought! was there no rescue? He listened, but the rising conflict of the elements excluded all other sounds. He heard no dash of oars, he saw no boat approaching. What was to be done? Where were his chances of escape, and what could exertion avail him? Peril surround-

ed him, and the fear of death, for the first time, cast an icy chill upon his heart. Should he fling himself headlong into the sea, and put a period at once to his misery? The thought was but a momentary one. The horror of dying deterred him from adopting an alternative so frightful. He had not yet given up all hopes of rescue, though his fears that it might come too late kept him on the very rack of suspense.

The storm rapidly increased. Short and quick flashes of lightning already began to gleam through the darkened heavens, while the thunder growled portentously in the distance. These explosions soon became more frequent and more loud, the flashes that succeeded them quicker, and more piercing. The rain fell at first in big heavy drops, gradually augmenting until it descended at length in one general and unbroken shower. There was no retreat—the waters were around him, the tempest was above him, and he stood alone upon a mere spot of earth exposed to their pitiless fury. What an awful position for one who had never calculated upon the possibility of a visitation so sudden and appalling! Every instant added to his peril, and consequently to his terror. He paced with hurried and agitated steps the small circle of sand upon which he stood hemmed in by the flood that threatened speedily to overwhelm him. Was it possible, he thought, that his friends could willingly leave him to perish—that, she more especially could desert him who on the morrow, had he been spared, was to have redeemed the pledge of her affection at God's altar? As the idea rushed upon his brain, he would, in the bitterness of his soul, have cursed the unfeeling Julia, but the dread of death awoke him to better feelings, and checked the rising execration. Alas! she might be, at the very moment he was about to curse her, a being only of the past; she might have gone to her account, where he, as it appeared, was likely so shortly to follow her. He was calm for an instant, but the reaction of agony was only the more intense after the brief interval of repose. Were there no means of deliverance? He looked upon the waters. They boiled and chafed with a fierceness which made him shudder. 'Great God!' he cried, 'how the furious waters rage and swell around me! Am I to be engulfed in their briny bosom? Horrible!—I dare not—I cannot die! I who never before thought of death, must I meet it now under an aspect so frightful? Must I be hurried into the presence of my Judge, with a fresh blot of infamy upon my soul which a long life of penitence could scarcely expunge? Must I now prepare to rush into an eternity of unimaginable horrors;—No, no, no!' He staggered backward nearly exhausted by his emotions. The tide still rose, gradually diminishing the circumference within which he was standing. The spray began to dash over him, the waves retreating only to return with the greater impetuosity, lessening every instant his chance of escape. He did not, however, yet entirely resign himself to despair, though his hope was but a forlorn one. He was absolutely drenched to the skin with the sea and rain.

His boundary was now reduced to a few yards, still there was no assistance nigh. He cast his eyes around, piercing as far as he could into the misty atmosphere. It was in vain. He saw nothing that offered any prospect of relief. He summoned his energies, and prepared for the struggle of death. Determined not to yield whilst there was any possibility of delaying the fatal moment, he placed himself upon the highest part of the bank, to which he dragged a small anchor that lay imbedded in the sand. He forced it into the arenaceous mass, which readily yielded to the slightest pressure, and placing his foot within the

ring at the end of the shank, determined, with the aid of a rope which was attached to the ring, to secure his footing against the assaulting flood so long as he should have strength to resist; since while there remained even the most distant possibility of rescue, he was resolved to relinquish no chance of preservation. It required no little mental energy to keep him firm in this resolution, for as the waves continued to approach, the apprehension of destruction broke fiercer and fiercer upon his troubled spirit. They were already at his feet—those waves which were about to swallow him; while the wild roar above and around him only magnified his horror. Still there was a struggle of hope within him, and every now and then a faint gleam pierced through the darkness of his growing despair, buoying up his bewildered soul amid those agonising throes of dismay with which it was conflicting.

There is perhaps no situation, however perilous, in which hope deserts us altogether. So long as the excitement of terror or of dreadful apprehension does not overpower the mind and destroy the balance of reason, hope clings to the soul, like light to the sun, and never entirely quits it until quenched in the darkness of death. It is that mysterious agency which operates more or less upon all our actions, which is the incentive of everything we do, and which lights us forward to that goal where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Stanley now felt its influence strongly. He stood upon the ring of the anchor, his foot firmly locked within the circle as upon the verge of eternity. The sea-gull flew by him as if in mockery of his misery, screaming his discordant song to the awakened tempest, and thus adding to the wild dissonance of the clashing elements. He put up his supplications to heaven for the first time since he had ceased to hush his infant orisons upon a parent's knee, yet with an awful presentiment that they would not be heard. They were, however, offered with a tremendous sincerity. They nevertheless, fell upon his soul with a most astounding recoil, like the reverberation of terrible echoes upon the ear among the mountains of the wilderness. When he thought of his God, it was only in connexion with his own peril. It was not love that induced him to supplicate the divine forgiveness. It was that abject terror which arises from a consciousness of unexpiated guilt, and a consequent dread of punishment. He could find, therefore, no resource in prayer. His aspirations went not up with acceptance to the throne of mercy. Such was the stern announcement of his affrighted conscience. It told him, in that 'still small voice,' which is the more terrible, because it reaches not the outward ear, but appears only to the impassive soul, that God had deserted him—that the King of Terrors, and the lord of the damned, were about to secure their victim. He felt no longer security. Every instant diminished his chance of deliverance. He ceased at length to cling even to the slender thread of possibility. He was becoming bewildered. His senses were fast lapsing into confusion, and he seemed as if scarcely conscious of his own identity. The crisis of his fate was at hand. He was in the very gorge of destruction. A violent peal of thunder for a moment recalled his energies, and re-awakened the dying spark of hope, which had ceased indeed to glow, but was nevertheless not utterly extinguished, as the living fire is within the coal when the surface is black and rayless.

The waters had gradually risen, and by this time reached his knees, booming around him and over him with a violence absolutely astounding. The wind raised the spray above his head, scattering the white

foam through the dusky air, and flinging it high amid the storm. Stanley continued to keep his foot firmly fixed in the ring of the anchor, lest the billows should sweep him from his position, for he maintained his resolution in spite of the feebleness of exhaustion, to struggle for life as long as any chance of escape remained. He clung with almost convulsive pertinacity to the cord which still enabled him to keep his footing. The surf was now nearly at his breast at every retreat of the wave, which at its return rolled completely over him. He stood against it, however with the most persevering determination, although he was fully sensible that resistance would shortly be vain. He grew gradually weaker: his eyes became dim. He felt that a few brief moments must decide his doom. What a dreadful interval betwixt time and eternity! To hang, as it were between two worlds, about to drop from the present into the future! to plunge from all that is known and tangible into all that is intangible and unknown! to quit certainty for doubt, light for darkness, hope for despair, heaven for hell! It was indeed a fearful moment, and Stanley felt it. He sighed in agony; but this deep-drawn echo of the heart's emotions was stifled by the remorseless waters. They lifted up their angry voices, and flung in his ear the hoarse menace of death. The imagined gibbering of fiends rose upon his startled fancy, and seemed to mock him in his misery. The waves continued their assault, and he could now scarcely breathe between their rapid advance and retreat. 'Mercy, mercy!' he cried; 'O God! pity me! save me! I am lost—what will become of my soul?' 'Tis too vile for heaven—horrible, horrible.' His articulation was impeded by the surge. It retreated a moment from his lips—to die thus—to stand upon the confines of perdition—Saviour!—

He gasped convulsively. The rolling flood again impeded his utterance. He was all but exhausted when his ear caught the dash of oars. His heart leaped—an instant more and it would be too late. His chest was already distended with the bitter draughts which he had for some minutes successively swallowed. He now withdrew his foot from the ring of the anchor, and sustaining himself by the cord, placed his toe upon the shank, which thus increased his elevation a few inches; but by this time the billows had become so large and impetuous, that when the first dashed over him, after he had changed his position, he lost his footing and floated on the agitated surface, at the mercy of the waves. He still, however, retained his hold of the cord. The surf was already in his ears and in his mouth. He struggled in the agonies of suffocation. He began to sink—the flood gurgled in his throat—a confused sound was all he heard—he saw nothing—the frightful obscurity of death was fast closing in around him, when he felt a hand upon his head. It seized his hair, and raised him above the boiling surge. Consciousness returned as he felt himself hauled to the edge of a boat. He grasped the gunnel with frantic energy. At this moment a vivid flash of lightning broke over the convulsed ocean, and fell upon the countenance of his preserver. It was Agnes! What cannot woman do when excited to the fearless exercise of her energies? More than man in the very mightiness of his.—Agnes was one who could dare to do all that woman dared, and more. Nothing was above her resolution.

Stanley could not suppress a hoarse scream of emotion as he beheld the animated but stern countenance of his preserver reflecting with greater intensity the fierce flash of the lightning. Her hair had escaped the fillet which confined it, and hung dripping upon her naked shoul-

ders, from which the extreme violence of the gale had stript their flimsy covering. The expression of her eyes was almost wild, yet a glance of such determined meaning broke from them when the pitchy clouds poured forth their vivid fires upon the terrible scene; at the same time, her whole demeanor was so undaunted and self-possessed, that the drowning man began to hesitate whether he was in the hands of a preserving or destroying angel. He clung to the boat with renewed vigor, weighing it down into the angry flood which rolled into it, foaming and spitting like the agitated surface of a boiling cauldron. Agnes was unmoved. The flashes of the lightning exhibited her at intervals standing erect in the rocking boat, and looking with an air of sublime indifference at the deadly strife of the elements, as they hurtled above her head with perilous impetuosity. Stanley entreated her to drag him from his jeopardy. She looked upon him with an expression of calm determination.

'Swear, then, to repair the wrong you have done me, or I leave you to your merited doom.'

'I swear.' She fixed her eye keenly upon him. He turned his head from the scrutinising glance.

'What dost thou swear?'

'To repair the wrong I have done thee.'

Agnes looked doubtingly, while he still clung convulsively to the gunnel of the boat.

'How wilt thou repair that wrong? Remember, I am now the preserver of thy life.'

'By marriage!'

A momentary flush past over her colorless cheek.

'Swear, then, by heaven.'

'By heaven!' gasped forth the drowning man. The word was scarcely articulate as the extorted abjuration was choked by the gushing billows. Agnes drew the now almost exhausted Stanley into the boat, and rowed him in silence to the beach. She had put off in a small skiff when she heard of his danger, in spite of the menacing storm. He spoke not a word during their painful progress, neither did he attempt to assist her, as he was in such a state of exhaustion that he could scarcely stir. He lay almost motionless at the bottom of the boat. The danger, however, was now past, and he soon recovered his self-possession. He was as reckless in security as fearful in peril, and a few minutes, therefore, restored him to his usual callousness of purpose. He soon began to meditate upon what he had pledged himself to perform, with bitter remorse of spirit. He shivered as well from the drenching rain, which still fell in torrents, as from the distracting reflections which crowded upon his excited mind. Could he fulfil his oath? Impossible! Could he evade it? He must—he had no alternative. Better, he thought, that Agnes should continue dishonored than that he should be undone. If a balance of disadvantages were made, his would be the largest, were he madly to redeem his pledge. Besides, he could not do impossibilities. He could not convert wrong into right; and extorted oaths, as the nicest casuists agreed, possessed no moral obligation. The sanctions of moral equity, were at least in his favor, although the literal requisitions of civil justice might be against him. Better, he thought, break an improper oath than add a culpable performance of it to the sin of having made it. The means, where they are sinful, can never sanctify the end. 'I was wrong to swear,' said he mentally, 'but I repent, and will stop in time, before I add to the wrong an additional sin.' This selfish sophistry, which, though unuttered, passed rapidly through Stanley's thoughts, at

once determined him ; and before he reached the landing, his mind was perfectly made up to consider an extorted oath as not binding, and consequently to leave the injured Agnes to her degradation and her misery.

How soon are the greatest benefits forgotten—the greatest, perhaps, the soonest!

MISCELLANEA.

Joining a Settler.—Extract of a letter from New South Wales.—‘We duly reached Newcastle by the packet; and then hired a boat to take us and our baggage up the river, and we arrived at G——’s settlement a little before 12, A.M. He was out, as one of his men informed us, ‘chipping in murphies;’—and, my sister being not a little wearied, I desired the man to inform him of our arrival, while we rested on two blocks of wood which served for chairs. In a few minutes G—— came hurrying in, with nothing on [saving your presence] but his shirt and a large kangaroo skin cap, forgetting how he was attired in his anxiety to welcome us. The first salutations over, G—— seated himself on another log, still entirely forgetting his trowsers, until I contrived by a look, to remind him of them, when he *politely* slipped on a pair in our presence, and composedly resumed his seat. After some mutual inquiries, he apologised for having everything in such a rough way, and desired his man to let us have dinner. I looked round, but could not espy a table, but in a moment the only door of the dwelling was unshipped from its hinges, and laid on two blocks of wood, Dennis, the cook, now put three clasp knives *on the door*, and exclaimed, in a tone of some bitterness, ‘Sorrow take the black fellers, they’ve brought us neither fish nor wild ducks to day, and we’ve nothing at all but a but-lock’s head and some damper.’ ‘Can’t help it, Dennis, fetch it in,’ said G——. In a few minutes Dennis returned, and to our inexpressible astonishment placed on the table, all reeking from the cauldron, an immense bul-lock’s head with the horns, hair, and ears on.’

March of Pen’worths.—A penny paper, *le Bon Sens*, has been started at Paris by the leaders of the liberal party, and is published every Sunday.

March of Lithography.—A lithographic press has been established at Shiraz in Persia, under the direction of one Mirza Ahmet, who has thus begun to print small elementary school-books.

French Royal Medals.—We fear that many of the most rare of these remains of antiquity have perished in the crucibles, wedges of gold having been found in several places, supposed to be the product of these precious memorials.

Coquetry.—Coquetry is the daughter of Gaiety, and the mother of Mortification.—*Le Cercle.*

M. Elie de Beaumont, celebrated for his investigation of mountain formation, has been appointed to the chair of geology in the College of France, vacant by the death of Cuvier.

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LORD BYRON.

From a Portrait by Count D'Angy, taken in May, 1823.

Pub. by Kane & Co. 127 Washington St. Boston.